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THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 27, 1971 50 cents

The Presidency

WHY A BLACK MAN SHOULD RUN

Howard Romaine

Defying the Dollar

LATIN AMERICA SLAMS THE DOOR

Penny Lernoux

Pugliese vs. Jones & Laughlin

CONSCIENCE OF A STEELWORKER

Barbara and John Ehrenreich

Capitol Hill

THE BIG ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAIN

Tristram Coffin

•

Bulgakov: The Last Year of Tolstoy

Hugh McLean

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EDITORIALS

Slaughter at Attica

One of the convicts in the maximum security "correctional facility" at Attica, N.Y., addressed the *ad hoc* committee of observers assembled within the prison walls: "We do not want to rule; we only want to live . . . but if any of you gentlemen own dogs, you're treating them better than we're treated here." On that basic fact there is general agreement. Only twelve days before the uprising, State Correction Commissioner Russell G. Oswald sent a taped message to the 2,000 inmates outlining the steps he was working on to make conditions more nearly bearable. "What I'm asking for is time," he told the prisoners, but time ran out on him. About half the prisoners rose in what amounted to an insurrection which, prudent foresight suggests, is a harbinger of worse to come. They had no firearms. The assault force, also numbering about 1,000, was heavily armed. When they had done their work, thirty-nine men were dead—nine hostages out of the thirty-eight that the convicts had seized, and thirty convicts.

Could this bloody outcome have been avoided? One can only conjecture, but the consensus among enlightened observers is that it could. Mayor Kenneth A. Gibson of Newark termed the suppression "one of the most callous and blatantly repressive acts ever carried out by a supposedly civilized society on its own people." Now Governor Rockefeller is calling for the formation of a five-member panel to investigate what happened. It is to consist of "some top people in the correctional field." In Commissioner Oswald he had a top man, who negotiated with the inmates and seems to have made a good impression on the committee of observers. But the Governor refused to come to Attica, although his mere presence in the town—no one expected him to go inside the prison walls—might have cooled things off sufficiently to enable an agreement to be reached. And, knowing nothing of the circumstances, President Nixon expressed his support of the Rockefeller hard line.

There was undoubtedly a lunatic fringe among the inmates—those who demanded their release to a "non-imperialist power"—but the great majority of those who took part in the insurrection were rational men. Some were rational in the sense that all they wanted was better living conditions and the respect due them as human beings. Others were rational in a revolutionary sense: they were ready to die rather than continue to submit to society's treatment of them. They died, and they won. America's image is further tarnished before the world and, as Senator Muskie said, "the Attica tragedy is more stark proof that something is terribly wrong in America." That view contrasts with Rockefeller's statement that the uprising was brought on by "the revolutionary tactics of militants," and that the investigation would include the role that "outside forces would appear to have played." Whatever outside forces were involved could not have moved a thousand men to such desperation.

The Attica massacre, in one aspect, was a victory of the "tough" school of penologists and the reactionary elements in American society over the modernists. Oswald never had the support of the Attica staff, nor of the townspeople, most of whom make their living from the prison. They favored the former commissioner, who had come up through the ranks and was noted for his toughness. It was the reactionary elements that circulated a report that the nine hostages had had their throats cut by the convicts, and that one had been castrated. This lie was nailed by Dr. John F. Edland, the county medical examiner, who made an impressive appearance on TV. He examined eight of the bodies and found that all had died from gunshot wounds. Another medical examiner came to the same conclusion with regard to the ninth victim. The insurrectionists appear to have been responsible for only one death—that of a guard who was thrown out of a window and who died before the battle in the prison began.

Canards of this virulent type usually mark unjustified action by the guardians of law and order. At Kent State sniper fire was alleged to have impelled the Guardsmen to fire on the students. The commanding general fell back on this excuse and clung to it long after it had been disproved.

Several hundred thousand Americans are inmates of American prisons. At Attica, 85 per cent were Negroes or Puerto Ricans, in the custody of guards who, as one shouted on TV, hated "niggers." Society locks them up to get rid of them—the "correctional" label is a farce. Even separated as they are by incarceration in numerous state and federal penitentiaries, they constitute, morally and even physically, a formidable force. To return to Senator Muskie's evaluation: the rebellion shows that "we have reached the point where men would rather die than live another day in America." The only solution, he said, was "a genuine commitment of our vast resources to the human needs of all the people."

Failure to heed such words would be not only inhumane but stupid. The observers invited into the prison by the insurrectionary inmates (see Tom Wicker's superbly evocative dispatches to *The New York Times* of September 14 and 15) were impressed by the tactical skill, the poise and the single-mindedness of the defiant men. These prisoners were politicalized, using the term here not primarily with respect to whatever ideological convictions they may have held, but in the sense that they were aware of themselves as a considerable group sharing common experiences and goals. The uprising at Attica very little resembles prison riots of the past, when goaded men suddenly began beating on their cell bars, hurling their food to the mess hall floor and screaming obscenities at their jailers. This was group action, not mass hysteria. It is the latest, but not in all probability the last, manifestation within a penitentiary of what for lack of a better term is called today black nationalism. But Attica was not a racist movement; blacks and Puerto Ricans were predominant in the resistance, as they predominate in the prison, but many whites stood with them. It was a class action—the class of the disinherited.

When men who have nothing discover that they have one another, they combine into units that are incalculably formidable. That is why the words of sane and compassionate men must be heeded. American prisons have never been institutions; they have always been receptacles. But prisoners are not garbage. It is bad enough—indeed, it is probably wicked—that we deprive them of their freedom,

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but from now on if we also take from them all hope of a future, we may expect Attica to become the name for a new kind of war. Commissioner Oswald knew that before the first hostage was seized; Rockefeller and Nixon will no doubt fade into the recesses of history with their eyes unopened.

Soviet Public Relations

The death of Nikita Khrushchev calls attention once more to the stultifying manner in which news is handled in the Soviet Union. The Russian leadership seems intent on sabotaging its own interests in the public relations field. Internal public relations have, of course, different objectives and techniques in a totalitarian country than in one where the press is largely in private hands. However, there are limits to the degree to which the affairs of a country, whether it be capitalist or Communist, can be concealed from the rest of the world. As a rule, the less that is known, the more will be fabricated by foreign journalists. One does not expect candor from any government—we did not need the Pentagon Papers to prove that—but secrecy and deceit can be carried to the point of stupidity, and that seems to be the Soviet way of managing the news.

There is, first, the factor of speed. Everybody races to get news in print and on the air. Everybody, that is, except the Soviet journalists and those from whom they take their orders. That Khrushchev was dead was known all over the world some forty-eight hours before the Soviet authorities announced his death. Many Russians listen to foreign radio, and they learned there what their own radio did not tell them. It is as if the Soviet Government were intent on building up as big a Russian audience as possible for Radio Liberty, Radio Free Europe and other anti-Soviet transmitters.

By this contempt for the tempo of modern communications, which goes back almost to the founding of the USSR, communism has thrown away a great many of its opportunities. It does not need the dregs of Madison Avenue, but it certainly could make use of some of the more refined and dignified of American journalistic and public relations techniques.

Then, the funeral. State funerals are one form of spectacle whereby the masses are dazzled and persuaded that government is not only necessary but beneficent, and partakes of a sacramental character. It was not to be expected that Brezhnev, Kosygin and the others who had converted Khrushchev into a nonperson (though one comfortably situated) would use him for one of these mortuary spectaculars; and, though he was quietly buried, it was not, as some American commentators said, in a second-rate cemetery—he just didn't rate a niche in the Kremlin wall. Still, his treatment by the Central Committee and the Council of Ministers was on the shabby side. They expressed casual sorrow, and sent a wreath, but the announcement was not signed by his former colleagues, as official obituaries usually are, nor was the government represented at the services.

The trouble with Soviet public relations is that everybody runs scared, right up to the top. Yet the fact is that there was little reason for fear in this situation. As Harry

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Schwartz said in *The New York Times,* with all his faults Khrushchev was a giant of a man, but fame is fleeting, and people in the streets of Moscow were indifferent when they were told of his death. As to the judgment of history, Kosygin and his colleagues can do little about that. Probably all their efforts to keep Khrushchev out of the limelight will come to naught, and they will be forgotten long before he is.

Forked Tongue

American Indians thought they had a good thing going with the Nixon Administration. Nearly every Indian leader in the country applauded when, in July 1970, the President spelled out his Indian policy to the Congress. Mr. Nixon pledged that he would make every effort to achieve greater self-determination for American Indians and to involve them more significantly in their own affairs.

To Indian leaders, fettered since their people fell under federal trusteeship by a bureaucratic and paternalistic Bureau of Indian Affairs, it was about time. Mr. Nixon's new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Louis Bruce, strode forth briskly in pursuit of the new mandate, lacing the BIA with a cadre of Indians—many of them young. And as Indian involvement quickened, Indian approval deepened.

However, skepticism based on decades of broken white promises did not vanish instantly, and most Indian leaders, even though they saw the makings of a new order in Indian affairs, stood by to see whether at testing time Mr. Nixon really meant it.

Testing time is here and many Indians are concluding he didn't—or that, if he did, his policy is being undercut and sabotaged by his own Department of the Interior. The Nixon Administration began really to tumble out of Indian favor in late July, but the disenchantment began before that. Early this year, when Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton took office, he brought in an old friend, Wilma Victor, as his special adviser on Indian affairs. At about the same time, he made William Rogers special Assistant Secretary for Indian Affairs in the Department of the Interior. Neither appointment was popular, and Wilma Victor in particular is anathema to Indian leaders. She is considered by most Indian tribal chairmen to be an "old, old, old line bureaucrat," the very epitome of the paternalism that has enraged Indians for years.

When John O. Crow, a veteran of thirty years in the BIA, was then appointed Deputy Commissioner of Indian Affairs, with powers of veto over the commissioner himself, Indians on the reservations were convinced that the policy of self-determination was dead. As one of his first acts, Mr. Crow announced the transfer of William H. Veeder, the BIA expert on Indian water rights, from Washington to Phoenix, Ariz. At that point, patience snapped. Mr. Veeder is unpopular with Interior officials for his sharp criticism of government water policy; and for the same reason he is a special favorite with Indian leaders. His transfer, which he has refused to obey, was interpreted as a certain threat to Indian water and land rights.

No less than ten Indian organizations, including the National Congress of American Indians and the new National Tribal Chairmen's Association, passed resolutions condemning Crow and upholding Veeder. They sent a letter to President Nixon demanding an audience on the matter. The issue became red hot earlier this month at Window Rock, Ariz., the capital of the Navajo Nation. The National Tribal Chairmen's Association met and launched a major assault on the Department of the Interior and on the Administration's departure from its announced policy.

Peter MacDonald, the young chairman of the Navajo Nation, led the assault. He charged that the Department of the Interior—and particularly Rogers, Victor and Crow—were bent on destroying Indian rights. "Do we need to be told more explicitly who the enemy is? It is the Department of the Interior. We can never survive so long as we remain the captive of a hostile department. . . . Right now we are prisoners of war and the Department of the Interior is holding us, Commissioner Bruce and his entire BIA, as hostages until we turn over our remaining land and resources."

Mr. MacDonald proposed that the BIA be removed immediately from the Department of the Interior and put into receivership in the Executive office of the President himself. The tribal leaders present passed a unanimous resolution backing the MacDonald proposal. It has gone out to all 230 American Indian tribes. They have thirty days to respond. If a majority of the tribes approve, a full-scale Indian revolt will be in progress.

Interior Department officials have only added to Indian suspicions by their stiff-necked refusal to heed the almost unanimous objections to John Crow and the pleas to keep Veeder in Washington. The Interior Department could have forestalled the Indian uprising if it had quietly removed Crow and retained Veeder, as Indians had repeatedly asked. It would have reassured Indians that the government cared about what they thought. But Mr. Rogers himself has said he thinks John Crow "is one hell of a man" and "just what is needed at the BIA now."

Bugs for Rent

In many cities across the country, if you want someone's telephone tapped, or a microphone installed to pick up his conversations at home or in his office, all you need do is look in the classified telephone directory. Among the services offered, such as polygraph tests, "expert shadowing," "witnesses for all purposes," bodyguards (including man-and-dog teams), you may find "sophisticated electronic audio detection," "surveillance specialists utilizing the latest electronic aids," etc. In some cities the offers are more discreet: a mere mention of "electronic devices" is deemed sufficient—and safer.

COMING NEXT WEEK

"Juror No. 4" by Edwin Kennebeck

A young editor, one of the twelve jurors who found the New York Black Panthers innocent on all counts, describes the atmosphere of the courtroom, the quality of the evidence and the state of mind in America that combined to produce this months-long trial of a phantom conspiracy.

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Apparently not all the telephone companies' lawyers are aware of the fact, but such advertising is in violation of Section 18 of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968. This section makes it a crime, punishable by a fine of $10,000 and/or imprisonment for five years, to place in "any newspaper, magazine, handbill, or other publication any advertisement" of any "electronic, mechanical, or other device, where such advertisement promotes the use of such device for the purpose of the surreptitious interception of wire or oral communications." It is necessary that the person placing the advertisement should know, or have reason to know, that such advertisement will be sent through the mails or in interstate or foreign commerce. The advertising of such devices is not in itself illegal: what the statute forbids is the advertising of espionage services employing them.

Obviously, if a detective agency mentions bugging and wire-tapping devices in its advertising, its intent is to employ the equipment for its client's purposes, whether in industrial spying, matrimonial cases or whatever. The telephone company could refuse such advertising on the ground that it is a violation of federal law, or simply that it is contrary to company policy. But so far most of the telephone companies have been lenient, if not reckless, in this respect, and probably will continue to be permissive until some citizens' group becomes angry enough to haul a Bell official into court.

Public Meanness

According to the Coal Mine Health and Safety Act of 1969, miners disabled by black lung are entitled to Social Security benefits. According to the Social Security Administration, the way to find out whether a man does indeed suffer from the disease is to take an X-ray of his lungs, along with a breathing test; but experts on black lung outside the government—including Dr. Donald L. Rasmussen, director of the Cardiopulmonary Laboratory at the Appalachian Regional Hospital in Beckley, W. Va., say such tests are inadequate for disclosing the presence or severity of the malady. "Many, many miners have been unjustly deprived of compensation," says Dr. Rasmussen. "The Social Security Administration has employed only the simplest and least costly testing procedures in its approach to this complicated problem."

Now a group of twelve disabled miners from Harlan, Clay and Floyd Counties in eastern Kentucky have filed suit in Washington, D.C. against the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in an attempt to eliminate the X-ray as the test of whether or not a man has black lung. Several of these men have been given blood gas tests, with results showing that they are totally disabled. In eastern Kentucky, where Social Security designates which institutions and doctors may examine miners who claim to have black lung, 78 per cent of the applications are denied. In Pennsylvania, where the state gives free medical tests to ailing miners, Social Security has turned down only 33 per cent of the claims. There is something inexpressibly mean about a government that will force men sick of an incurable disease—contracted because that government does not enforce its own health standards in the mines—to sue for the money the law says they have earned with their ruined lungs.

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Church and 'Defense'

Church & State, the monthly magazine published by Americans United for the Separation of Church and State, has made a serious charge in its September issue against the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) graduate school. This school trains middle-level military intelligence officers for service in Vietnam and elsewhere. According to *Church & State*, more than half the faculty of DIA are Roman Catholics.

This might not be so serious if the war in Vietnam did not have religious overtones and origins. Upper-class Vietnamese are largely Catholic, and American intervention after the French surrender was arranged through Cardinal Spellman, Joseph P. Kennedy, and other prominent Catholics—although of course non-Catholics were also instrumental in getting us into that disastrous venture. The first President of Vietnam under American auspices was Ngo Dinh Diem, a Roman Catholic previously residing in a Catholic institution and later assassinated when the Americans no longer found him useful. Even now, Buddhist and Roman Catholic viewpoints are sharply at variance in Vietnam. Thus indoctrinating American intelligence personnel with a Catholic viewpoint is a very serious matter.

This situation came to light when two DIA faculty members, Gilbert P. Richardson, a Protestant, and Abraham H. Kalish, a Jew, complained to the inspector general in charge of DIA affairs, that information on religious affiliations of staff members was solicited and held by the agency. Even the religion of an officer's parents was recorded. The complaint was made in May 1969, and in November the Civil Service Commission ordered DIA to stop recording this type of information. Investigation revealed that not only were more than 50 per cent of the DIA staff Catholics but that 100 per cent of the Information Service Center personnel were of the same denomination.

Predictably, Richardson and Kalish were fired, in September 1970 and April 1971 respectively. Richardson has been fighting his dismissal, and the *Church & State* article says that at a closed Civil Service Commission hearing in June of this year it came out that both of the officers who signed Richardson's dismissal form, and the DIA appeals examiner who ruled against him, are Roman Catholics.

It would seem that, in the interest of the Church as well as that of DIA, this unsavory situation should be cleared up without further delay.

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THE BIG ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAIN

TRISTRAM COFFIN
Mr. Coffin is an author and journalist, based in Washington.

The President of the United States sits on the biggest pile of political boodle ever amassed by any ruler in history, and he doles it out to coerce and corrupt Congress into doing his bidding. That is why Congress, created as an equal arm of the government, often acts like a timid and confused younger brother, while Presidents declare their own wars, fix budgets, and enforce laws as they see fit.

The size of the pile is not known, but it is made up of federal contracts—the usual pork barrel of dams, public works and post offices, swollen mightily by military contracts, research, camps and bases. The General Accounting Office, which is supposed to keep an eye on sources of corruption in the government, admits it has no cumulative figures on federal contracts. Nor does the GAO know how the contracts are let. These data were dropped some time ago.

The truth is that most contracts are let, not by strict rules of cost and performance but according to the pleasure of the contracting officer, and, in some cases, of the White House itself. The Department of Defense, which has by far the most and largest share of contracts to pass out, has almost given up competitive bidding. Bernard D. Nossiter, *The Washington Post*'s expert on military contracts, reports: "Only 11.4 per cent of the awards in the budget year ending last June 30 were advertised for open bidding."

Not all, but a great many Congressmen, particularly the older and less attractive members, rely on federal boodle to convince voters of their power to bring jobs, legal fees and business for banks and contractors to the home base.

Freshman Congressmen, as part of their education, are told of a remark by Lyndon Johnson. A few days after Sen. Frank Church (D., Ida.) had criticized the war in Vietnam, he came face to face with President Johnson at a White House reception.

LBJ grabbed him by the lapel, so the story goes, and demanded, "Who did you talk to before you gave that speech?"

Church said he had spoken to Walter Lippmann.

"O.K.," Johnson said brusquely, "the next time you want a dam, you talk to Lippmann."

In point of fact, Congress will never function as a truly independent body until the President and the executive branch are restrained from passing out contracts with the cunning of old Tammany sachems passing out dollar bills. The chairmen of Congressional committees are not likely to alter the system, because they are the chief beneficiaries. Here follow some examples of how the game works:

¶ In 1954, Leverett Saltonstall, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and Massachusetts Republican, ran into the hardest fight of his career. If he failed to be re-elected, control of the committee would pass to a sharp critic of military hocus-pocus, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine. The Navy shifted a contract for three destroyers from the Bath Iron Works in Maine to the Bethlehem shipyards at Quincy, Mass., where the price for building them was $9 million more. The story came to light when Mrs. Smith refused to play the game by keeping quiet. The deal, she said, was "disillusioning." Saltonstall was re-elected by one-half of 1 per cent.

¶ In 1965, the most influential member of Congress, Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia, was in trouble. He was chairman of Armed Services and ran the Appropriations Committee, the two most powerful groups in the chamber. He was the leader of the loosely organized Southern-Northern conservative bloc. He literally pushed Lyndon Johnson onto the 1960 Democratic national ticket. But he was 68 and ill; younger men were eyeing his seat, and many doubted whether Russell could stand the pace of a tough Democratic primary.

The Senator went home to look things over. In Atlanta, Russell criticized the conduct of the war. He did not think we should let the American Army be trapped in an Asian land war; he had heard many top military officers warning against it for twenty years.

President Johnson was stunned when told of Russell's remarks. Congressional support for his war strategy could fall away like water receding from a spring flood. He had to "sweeten up" Dick Russell. The Senator was invited to the White House where the President told him emotionally that Marietta, Ga., was going to get the biggest government contract ever to come down the pike. One hundred and twenty C-5A superplanes were to be produced there by Lockheed. The government would spend $3.4 billion on these titans.

The other bidder for the C-5A was Boeing of Seattle, whose Senators, Warren Magnuson and Henry M. Jackson, were not as important to Mr. Johnson as Dick Russell. There is a suspicion that the government leaked Boeing's bid to Lockheed, so that the latter could submit the semblance of a lower bid. Actually, Lockheed incurred a $2 billion cost overrun in what has been called the "golden handshake" contract. There seems to have been some collusion between the government and the contractor to tailor the job to fit Senator Russell's needs.

From then on, Senator Russell kept his doubts about Vietnam out of public view, expressing them privately with a doleful shake of his head to such intimates as Sen. J. William Fulbright. If Russell had voiced his concern about the war to the Senate and had opened the Armed Services Committee to the doubts of many military men, the United States *might* not have been sucked into a major land war in Indochina.

The point will be made that Senators Saltonstall and Russell were honorable men. Their friends would deny indignantly that their loyalty to the military programs of the Executive had been bought and paid for by federal contracts. Neither ever made a penny from the destroyer

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or C-5A contracts. However, the panic that comes upon a powerful Congressman when he finds his popular strength waning makes him prey to federal blandishments. For, if the word gets back to the local business and labor community that he can no longer bring home the boodle, money and support drop away.

¶ When the FDL, or fast deployment logistics ship, was first proposed by the Navy, Sen. John Stennis, the current chairman of Armed Services, opposed it. The ships were to be loaded with arms, positioned around the world, and rushed to trouble spots. Senator Russell said this would only reinforce our role as world policeman and get us into fresh trouble. Stennis agreed. But when the operators of the shipyards at Pascagoula, Miss., became interested in building the FDL, Senator Stennis became a convert.

Big contractors have learned to build ties into the local political, business and labor union peer groups, so that a Congressman will get calls from the governor, mayor, bank chairman, Chamber of Commerce president and union business agent, exhorting him to get moving on a pending contract. A large part of the time and energy of Congress is spent scrambling for federal boodle. Senator Jackson of Washington is proud of the sobriquet, "the Senator from Boeing," regarding it as a political asset.

What this means, though, is that Congress has become a supplicant body, appealing to the Executive for favors. The White House keeps good files on what Senators and Congressmen need to stay in office, and on decisive votes is always able to pull over a number of "doubtfuls." The Executive also asks contractors to help out in votes related to their area. Thus when Congress considers bills to cut off the war, the halls are filled with agents of the big arms firms and their unions.

If military spending should run down, and the government were to start pouring funds through, say, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, that would become the focus for the scramble. The military is the fat cat only because it happens to have the money and the big contracts.

The use of federal contracts as political weapons erodes the democratic process and efficient government in several ways:

(*1*) It rots the independence of Congress, giving the Executive both a big stick and a succulent carrot.

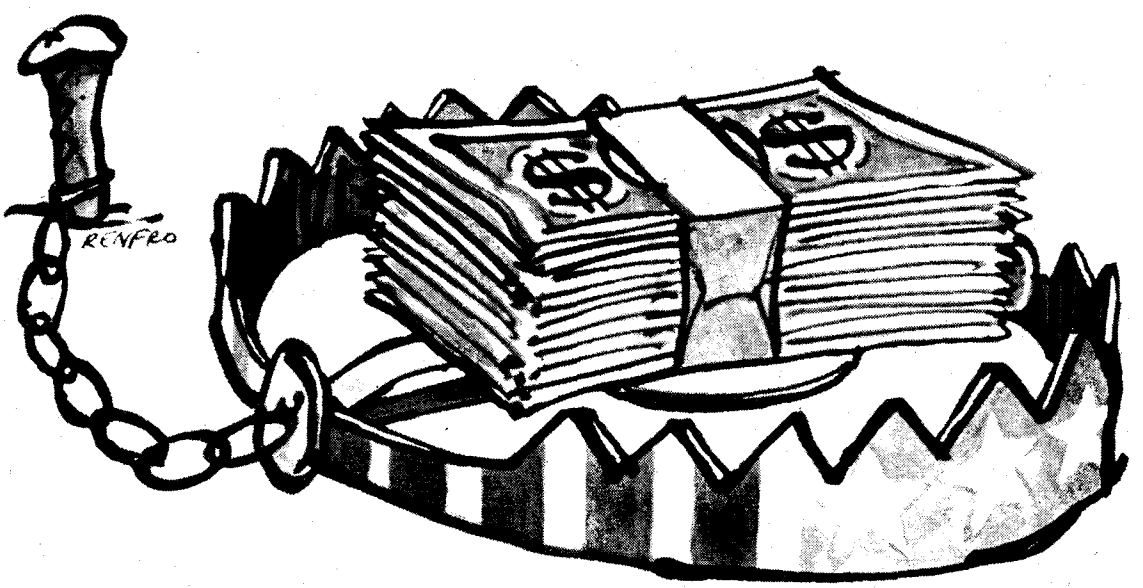
(*2*) It makes the federal contractor a major force in the political system. He hires politicians as lawyers, consultants, lobbyists, public relations operatives and managers. He is a major source of campaign funds. Officials of Lockheed, for example, gave $39,880 to the 1968 Presidential campaign, all but $1,000 of it for Mr. Nixon.

As anyone who has ever covered City Hall knows, the paving contractor may become almost as important a figure as the mayor. In the courthouse, real estate speculators who provide much of the money for county campaigns become astonishingly persuasive in debates over zoning and sewers.

(*3*) It perpetuates the kind of federal program, useful or not, that contractors find profitable. If, say, the government decided to spend $10 billion a year in housing, that program could go on year after year, regardless of need, because of its political momentum. That is now the case with the arms race. Most independent scientists agree that we have reached a stage of grotesque "overkill," and that only the military contractors benefit from continuing the buildup. Congress has heard testimony that some of the more complex weapons systems will not work under trying conditions, or are irrelevant to national security. *The New York Times* reports that the Atomic Energy Commission is spending $190 million to test-fire an anti-missile warhead which "some scientists" allege has been outmoded by a change in national strategy. Others fear that the test might cause major environmental damage.

(*4*) It concentrates contracts into the hands of the favored few, who have built up their contacts within the federal government. Nossiter states: "There is very little genuine competitive bidding in the Pentagon procurement. . . . The Defense Department sponsors a limited type of competitor for major weapons, typically inviting three or four big companies to submit designs."

A study of $4.3 billion in military contracts by the



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General Accounting Office asserts that the average pretax rate of return on owned investment is 56.1 per cent. The comptroller general has reported to Congress on cost overruns of military contracts. As of March 31, 1970, the costs of thirty-eight weapons systems ran $23.8 billion above the planning estimates. Cost data on June 30, 1970 covered sixty-one systems, and suggested that the cost overrun was $33.4 billion.

At a meeting of the Defense Department's Industry Advisory Council last February, a big contractor argued:

> Overemphasis on placing contracts always with the lowest bidder is a sure way to emasculate the viable military base. . . . Competition is not consistent with a strong mobilization base. The country will be best served to have a strong mobilization base, rather than cutthroat competition. Give credit to the tried and proven and don't go for the low-bid "Johnny come lately" contractor without careful evaluation.

The next stop, and it is already being considered, is for the government to guarantee financially any company deemed "necessary to the national security."

(5) The quality of performance seems to drop when the contract is protected by politicians or bureaucrats. Richard Stubbing, awarded the Budget Director's "Professional Achievement Award," analyzed weapons systems in the 1950s and 1960s. What he discovered, according to Sen. William Proxmire, chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, was:

> Of thirteen major aircraft and missile programs with sophisticated electronic systems, built for the Air Force and Navy at a cost of $40 billion since 1955, only four reached a performance level of 75 per cent or above of their specifications.
>
> Of twelve electronic systems produced in the 1950s, only five performed up to their specifications. Of the others, only one performed at a 75 per cent level, four were at a 50 per cent level, and two met only a 25 per cent performance level.
>
> Of eleven major systems begun in the 1960s, only two performed up to standard and met their original specifications for performance. One more was at 75 per cent. Two were at 50 per cent. But six performed at only 25 per cent of the standards specified in the contracts.

The trend in the federal government is to perform more services by contract, whether it be manufacturing ammunition or schooling the unemployed. So, even if by some miracle the arms race tapers off, Washington will still be passing out the swag. Democracy needs protection against the notion of the Executive or key Congressional committee chairmen that contracts are their own private plunder.

This could be done by setting up an independent contracts board to award all federal contracts in excess of $1 billion. It would have perhaps five members, appointed to staggered ten- or fifteen-year terms, and a highly professional staff. It would be financed by a percentage of each contract, so that it would not have to come to Congress or the Executive for funds. Contracts would be awarded on a basis of cost and efficiency.

The mere suggestion of such a board is likely to raise shouts of outrage from the contractors and their allies, and one may expect that a rush of statistics and press releases will fill the air.

Unfortunately, there is no way for the American taxpayer and voter, who are obviously being skinned by the alliance of politicians and contractors, to make themselves heard in this clamor. There are only a few lonely crusaders, such men as Senator Proxmire. But one day the system will fall of its own ponderous weight, after some incredibly expensive gadget fails to work and a politician looking for glory starts an investigation he cannot shut off. Then reform will come, and an independent body for awarding contracts will be set up to stop the bleeding of money and to defend the integrity of the United States Government. □

THE PRESIDENCY

WHY A BLACK MAN SHOULD RUN

HOWARD ROMAINE
Mr. Romaine, one of the founders of The Great Speckled Bird, *an Atlanta, Ga., underground paper, is at present a research associate at the Institute for Southern Studies, Atlanta.*

> The only difference between America and Rome is that Rome didn't have a bunch of black people sitting in a meeting like this, getting it together.
>
> *—Dick Gregory, at the Southern Black Political Caucus, Mobile, Ala., August 13*

Dick Gregory is not the first observer to mark the historical parallel between the declining days of the Roman Empire and the American present. The historian Gibbon might also see a similarity between Rome's resistant colony of early Christians and America's struggling black minority. There is one major difference, however—the Christians never considered running one of their own for head of state.

A consensus has been reached in the black community of the nation that there should be a black Presidential candidate in 1972. It is an overwhelming consensus. *Jet*, the black newsweekly, has just released the results of a summer-long poll of its readers: "A solid 98 per cent of *Jet* readers believed that a black man should run for President in 1972." Ironically, the man blacks would most like to see make this race is too young for the office, and, in contrast to his constituency, quite cool to the idea of a single black Presidential candidate next year.

Julian Bond was the choice of 30 per cent of *Jet*

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readers who voted in the poll. Of ten potential black candidates listed by the magazine, Bond "shot out in front of everyone after the second week of the poll and remained there." But the people's chosen candidate is only 31, four years short of the required age. Mayor Carl B. Stokes of Cleveland was second in the poll with 27 per cent. Stokes meets the age requirement, but vows he's not interested in running for President. Two others who *have* indicated interest are Reps. John Conyers of Michigan and Shirley Chisholm of New York. Conyers was third in the poll with 13 per cent, and Mrs. Chisholm was fifth with 5 per cent. Republican Sen. Edward Brooke was fourth with 7 per cent.

The real surprise of the poll, however, was not that Bond proved to be the most popular black politician in the country. The striking facts are that 98 per cent of this audience think the time has come for a black man to enter the Presidential race, and that 93 per cent think he should run as a Democrat.

The first early sign of this trend of opinion came last spring when Congressman Conyers told Presidential candidate George McGovern that he would have to retract his earlier commitment of support. Conyers said the black National Committee of Inquiry, which he then headed, was still surveying the field. In May, Jesse Jackson of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) called a meeting of black politicians and activists in Chicago and seemed to enjoy the consternation of the white press at being excluded. "We're going to talk about a black politician for President," said Jackson.

By June the movement was strong enough for *Jet* to ask on its front page—"Should a black politician run for President?"—placing the question right next to a picture of Congressman Conyers. The magazine's lead article featured a string of resounding quotes from some of the top black politicians in the country, all emphatically answering the question in the affirmative.

"I'm a little annoyed when I hear people talk about a black person for Vice President," said Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton. "Why not President if you are going to talk about it? Why talk about getting in the Cabinet when you can run the Cabinet? If it does nothing else, the discussion of a black President perhaps can block black people on a moral basis from supporting the variety of candidates that are now out there who believe by virtue of just being white and Senator or Congressman they have the right to be considered for President and black people will not have a right to be considered for President."

Jesse Jackson and others see a black candidacy as filling a vacuum of moral and political leadership in the country. Says Jackson, "We think that those who have a stake in getting rid of the moral crisis, which is an immoral circumstance, should have an obligation to look to new leadership, no matter what community it comes from. Young people and women have a real interest in a black candidate for President."

Dr. Charles G. Hurst, president of Malcolm X College in Chicago, also sees blacks as the hope for a new kind of leadership, and scoffs at whites who can't take the idea seriously.

> Whites acted like they were worried when we said we might go back to Africa and they gave us some money to buy some ships. They acted worried when we thought we might want Mississippi and they gave us the money to buy some land. But do you notice what happened when we talked about running a black man for President? You see all the newspapers get excited. They don't give us any money and they wonder "what are those niggers about now? What makes them think that a black man can be President of the United States?" Well, a black man resurrected the idea of a new morality for this country. That was Martin Luther King. A white man couldn't do that.

Hurst has hit upon an important, and often unrecognized strain of black political thought—the prophetic role of the black minority in America. While many people feel that black willingness to accept the work of purging the racist burden of American history died with Martin Luther King, the very willingness of blacks to campaign among whites, for white votes, indicates a continuing commitment to the vision of a nonracist society.

At another level, part of the charm of the idea of a black Presidential candidate is that it so astounds the average white. "Virtually all whites," says *Jet*, "liberals and bigots alike—all laugh at the mere thought of a black man in the White House." The almost universal white response to the idea is disbelief, or dismay, a reaction which for blacks is in itself a confirmation of the universality of white arrogance and racism. A black candidate would continue the work of confronting the white majority with its own racism, a strategy which reached its peak with the nonviolent crusades of Martin Luther King. But an effective black Presidential candidate could confront whites in that most hallowed of American institutions, the Presidential electoral campaign, rather than in the massive street demonstrations of the 1960s.

The growing interest in the upcoming Presidential race is part of a broadening and quickening determination to make the most of black political power at every level in the coming year. For example, politics, and especially the politics of the 1972 elections, was the focal point of the annual SCLC meeting held in New Orleans in August. SCLC's president, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, there called on a rally of 8,000 people to join him and his organization in changing American society through the franchise. SCLC, he said, was preparing for intense involvement in the Presidential elections next year, including some of the primary elections. Only a few days earlier, the fifth national convention of the National Welfare Rights Organization had heard its head, Dr. George A. Wiley, urge the membership to intensify its participation in politics in the coming year, particularly by focusing on the Democratic National Convention.

It is obvious that candidates will emerge to give all this political energy personality and substance. Rep. Shirley Chisholm picked the National Welfare Rights Organization convention to announce that she was considering running for President in 1972, and that a committee had been formed to test the support for her in a number of states. At about the same time, Representative Conyers proposed in a little reported Washington speech that there be at least one black entry in each of the coming primaries. A black candidate, said Conyers, "would stimulate registration and encourage many black citizens to run for

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delegate seats to the national conventions in larger numbers than ever before. Blacks would then be in a position to exert maximum leverage in the decision making that would take place in and out of the conventions."

Both the *Jet* poll and extensive interviews at the Southern Black Political Caucus in Mobile disclose an emerging consensus in support of Conyers' view. But while there is agreement that black competition for the Presidency would stimulate black registration and political activity, increase black bargaining power at the Democratic Convention, and push the whole tone of the campaign to the Left, there remain great differences on who the candidate, or candidates, should be. The Mobile meeting deferred a decision on this basic issue.

The Southern Black Political Caucus was called by the big three of Deep South black politics—Julian Bond of Georgia, John Cashin of Alabama and Charles Evers of Mississippi. Cashin, a black Huntsville dentist, who drew an impressive 16 per cent of the vote away from George Wallace in Alabama's most recent gubernatorial race, arranged for the National Democratic Party of Alabama, which he heads, to sponsor the conference. Invitations were sent to every black elected official in the South, and many out of the South, as well as to observers from the New Democratic Coalition, the New Party and similar groups. Bond wrote a number of personal letters asking friends to attend. Evers and most of the other black political activists in Mississippi were so busy campaigning that they couldn't make the meeting, but about 400 participants did show up in Mobile, providing a fair representation from almost all the Southern states, as well as a substantial number of Northern or "up South" participant observers. (One of the most amusing disputes of the weekend was whether or not Delaware was sufficiently Southern for its representatives to be included on the steering committee to plan future meetings. The discussion was quite short, and Delaware got its representatives. Undoubtedly, had the New Yorkers present asked, they too could have been added. It was that kind of meeting.)

The morning after the soul food banquet and Dick Gregory's demolition of "filthy, rotten, degenerate white America," the meeting got down to business with a number of workshops. One caucus discussed forming a national organization of black youth, or a coordinating body of existing organizations, to work toward the 1972 elections. A community political power workshop discussed when coalitions with whites were desirable and when not. Another workshop discussed voter registration. And the workshop on delegate selection gave out detailed information on how delegates are to be selected from each of the Southern states for the 1972 Democratic National Convention. These little mimeographed sheets, if properly used by blacks, youth and other liberal forces in the South, could produce a revolution in the degenerate Southern Democratic Party. (It is significant that the Republican Party was deemed so degenerate that no one seriously discussed changing it. However, there is a substantial body of Southern black Republicans, and future and larger meetings will undoubtedly appeal to them.)

John Dean, formerly of the Democratic National Committee and now working for Senator Muskie, and Ken Bode, director of the Center for Political Reform, detailed the changes instituted by the party and explained how Southern activists can take advantage of them.

It was both appropriate and ironic that representatives of the national party should be explaining proposed reforms to a gathering of Southern blacks whose struggle and example had made the reforms possible. The challenge of the white regular Mississippi delegation by the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in 1964 was the first major onslaught against the racially exclusive Southern Democratic Party. Although many at the time judged the 1964 effort a failure, it set the stage for the seating in 1968 of a black and white integrated delegation, led by Charles Evers and Fannie Lou Hamer. But, by that year, the Southern black strategy of challenging racist and restrictive Democratic Party processes had become a national strategy for reform, as the McCarthy-led peace challengers tried to dump the Democratic establishment and its leader, Lyndon Johnson.

Again one of the most dramatic victories for the Left at the 1968 convention was the partially successful confrontation between the Georgia challenge delegation, led by Julian Bond, and the Lester Maddox regulars. Since the exclusionist nature of the party processes were most evident in the South, that is where they were most susceptible to challenge. Most of the McCarthy challenges failed, but again the groundwork was set for a further broadening of the party processes in 1972.

Just as the 1964 confrontation between black Mississippians and the party of Lyndon Johnson produced the Hughes commission, which set the stage for the successful seating of the Mississippi and Georgia challengers in 1968, so the 1968 confrontation produced the McGovern commission, which was mandated by the Democratic Party to develop guidelines assuring "all Democratic voters . . . a full, meaningful and timely opportunity to participate in the selection of delegates, and, thereby, in the decisions of the convention itself." The commission was also instructed to aid state parties in meeting the requirements set by the convention. Ken Bode, as research director of the McGovern commission, helped to write these requirements; John Dean, as a member of the Democratic National Committee, had worked to put them into effect. And what became clear at the Mobile meeting was that, if the new rules for delegate selection and convention procedures are adequately enforced, and if the political energy shared by blacks, youth and women finds another focus such as it had in the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns of 1968, the Democratic Party may take a quantum jump to the political Left.

With a new and elaborate set of rules for delegate selection operating in 1972, the Credentials Committee will assume even greater importance than it had in 1964 and 1968, when perhaps the most important political battles of the conventions were fought in its meetings. In expectation of an unprecedented number of challenges, the Democratic National Committee's preliminary call to the 1972 convention includes an outline of challenge procedure. Briefly, a challenge must be filed within ten days after the regular delegation is selected. The Credentials Committee chairman will then appoint hearing officers to gather facts from both sides and submit them to the full committee at least thirty-two days before the

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convention begins. Both disputants will be given an opportunity to respond to the facts submitted by the hearing officer in open meetings before the Credentials Committee, which will convene two weeks before the convention begins. The committee will file its recommendations to the convention two days before it opens.

The revised Credentials Committee procedure was designed to make every attempt to enforce the rules developed by the McGovern commission, and at the same time to settle disputes far enough in advance of the convention to minimize walkouts, chaos and the kind of disruption that disgraced the 1968 convention. Although one big advantage of the new procedure is that it puts the burden of proof on the challenged delegation, Bode believes that the national party is likely to do as little as possible to enforce the rules. "They aren't going to look for infractions," he said.

Challengers will still have to do the work; and they must take more care than they have in the past to be sure that their own delegations have followed the rules. One important question is how much of this machinery can actually be put into effect, given the early date of the convention (July 9) and the dates of many of the delegate selection processes, some taking place as late as June. The weak spot in the whole reform strategy, according to Bode, is the rule that if a state delegation is selected less than seventy-five days before the convention, "the acting credentials committee chairman may do almost what he wants" That is where the politics of the process may come in, since this acting chairman will be selected by the Democratic National Committee at its October 13-14 meeting.

If he should happen to be a political pal of the "new Southern moderates" like Gov. Jimmy Carter of Georgia, for example, he might look with favor on letting George Wallace back into the party and booting Charles Evers out. However, he will probably be a moderate, trying to hold a middle course between the blacks and the reformers who demand to be seated, and the trade unions, the city machines and the white South, which cling to the *status quo*.

The Credentials Committee itself, however, should be much more responsive to the pressure for democratizing party processes, since under present rules its 150 members will be divided among the states in an apportionment approximating each delegation's floor strength. This will increase the vote from the larger and more liberal states, like California and New York, while weakening the strength of the South.

While such long-run plans to increase black participation in choosing the Democratic nominee for President in 1972 were being discussed at Mobile, the short-run tactic of withholding black commitment to any announced candidate was simultaneously being put forward. The very first resolution from the political strategy caucus, presented by Julian Bond to the afternoon plenary session and received with overwhelming support, was: "We recommend and urge that Southern blacks stay aloof from various candidates for the U.S. Presidential nomination at this time." Bond next presented resolutions recommending that Southern black political activists continue the work of building black, locally based, political organizations, and consider coalitions with whites whenever such coalitions are in the interests of blacks and can be entered into from a position of equality.

Behind the Bond proposal that blacks not make any commitment to announced white candidates lies a variety of alternative strategies that black activists may choose in coming months. The first possibility is that a consensus will gradually emerge behind one of the blacks who have indicated an interest in entering the primaries. In addition to the assumption that this would vastly increase black interest in the race, it is also frequently said that a black candidate would deal better with key issues of the race than could any white candidate. Texas state Rep. Curtis Graves, who plans to run for the U.S. House of Representatives from Houston in 1972, holds this view: "We could raise the issue of inadequate housing, the economy, the need for quality education. The whole bussing issue is a fake issue. Black kids are being educationally ruined in the South. A black man in the campaign would move the whole spectrum to the Left. It's like what Cashin did in Alabama, or what Evers is doing in Mississippi. I think these campaigns are the most important things that have happened in the South in fifteen years."

A good case can certainly be made that on key issues mainstream black politicians and political thinkers are often more radical than the most liberal whites. Leronne Bennett, senior editor of *Ebony*, for example, has consistently promoted a multibillion-dollar domestic Marshall Plan, to be offset by sharp cutbacks in military spending, and that is a program one would hardly expect to see advocated in an equivalent mainstream publication of the white community, like *Life* or *Look*. Writing in the August issue, a special issue on the South, Bennett says:

> What is required now—and what seems to be lacking in so many appraisals of this New South—is a comprehensive plan for the total development of the whole region. The South cannot save itself if it doesn't stop relying on regressive taxes which soak the poor and spare the rich. It cannot save itself if it does not institute racial land reform. . . . At a minimum, the South needs four, five, ten, twenty TVAs, not only for the rural areas but also for the urban areas—TVAs modeled not on the emasculated agency that exists but on the brave and utopian idea of the thirties which was destroyed by private interests and private greed.

That kind of down-to-earth but radical talk about economic issues one seldom encounters in mainstream white political discussions. If there is to be a new political realism in this country, a new Populism, these are solid signs that it may have to come from the politics and politicians of the black community.

Bennett goes on to suggest what could be an equally important role for a new black-led politics—the education of the white majority. "Somebody is going to have to tell the poor whites the truth about their lives. Somebody is going to have to assume responsibility for educating white people about the social, political and economic realities of the 20th century."

But what does raising issues and educating the ignorant have to do with winning elections? One reply is that, without a sharp black challenge from the Left, the Democratic nominee is likely to be so conservative that

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he will not inspire the enthusiasm necessary to win—or that he will not be much different from Mr. Nixon if he does win. Another reply is that a black candidate will both increase the black voter turnout in the primaries—thereby pushing the Democratic Party toward greater responsiveness to black demands—and enable blacks to consolidate their voting strength for brokering power at the convention. Ultimately, it is argued, those innovations would pay off in electoral enthusiasm in November.

This would hold true whether there were a single black candidate or a number of black "favorite son" candidates, a strategy suggested by Julian Bond. The favorite son approach would allow blacks to campaign in their home states at costs much lower than the enormous expense of mounting a national Presidential campaign.

But the Democratic Party's new rules virtually outlaw favorite sons. Fifty delegate votes will be required to enter a candidate's name into nomination at the convention, with no more than twenty coming from any one state. Liberal reformers like Bode also see such a strategy as undercutting black efforts to open up the party.

Others, supporters of the more liberal Democratic candidates, fear that a black candidate or candidates in key primary states like Florida, California and Tennessee, could draw off enough black and liberal support to throw the election to some markedly conservative Democratic Presidential candidate like Wilbur Mills or Henry M. Jackson.

My guess is that these fears will not be heeded by the black community. The basic question that remains to be answered is not whether there will be a black candidate, but how many, and how and where they will campaign. This strategy discussion will continue at a much smaller closed caucus of blacks, scheduled for the latter part of September in Chicago. The steering committee of the Southern Black Political Caucus will also meet soon to plan a larger gathering of Southern black political activists for later in the fall. Perhaps by November we shall know who the first major black candidate for President is to be—unless, that is, a number of black politicians follow the lead of Representative Chisholm and, picking primaries as they will, create a chaos of candidacies in a black mime of the white stampede of candidates and pseudo-candidates for the high office. □

PUGLIESE vs. JONES & LAUGHLIN

CONSCIENCE OF A STEELWORKER

BARBARA and JOHN EHRENREICH
Mr. and Mrs. Ehrenreich are the authors of Long March, Short Spring: The Student Uprisings at Home and Abroad *(Monthly Review Press). They also worked on the preparation of* The American Health Empire: Power, Profits and Politics *(Random House).*

When steelworker Gilbert Pugliese was suspended from his job for disobeying a foreman's order on July 14, his local union officials were off in Washington, entering their second week of industry-wide negotiations with the steel industry. President Nixon had just met with United Steelworkers' President I. W. Abel and other union and industry representatives to plead for "moderation." In the spotlight of national attention the union appeared a well-matched opponent to the giant steel corporations. But it is a tired and troubled union—a generation older than it was in its organizing heyday, twelve years older than it was during its last nationwide strike. Caught between rising inflation and the steady decline of the American steel industry, the union has barely held its own on bread-and-butter issues. It has little energy left for such noneconomic issues as health, safety, pollution and job security.

To steelworkers, there is probably no better measure of their union's helplessness than job security. Any step out of line—a sarcastic remark to a foreman is sometimes enough—can bring down disciplinary actions ranging from informal harassment to a formal reprimand to suspension, or even to firing. The union big shots can bluster in Washington; the man in the mill has learned to keep his mouth shut and follow orders.

Gilbert Pugliese's crime was a trivial one in Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation's scale of priorities. He had not interrupted production, damaged equipment, or advocated control by the workers. It was just an irritating breach of discipline. At the beginning of the morning shift at J&L's Cleveland plant, Pugliese was ordered to press a button which would send several hundred gallons of waste oil into the Cuyahoga River. This was not an unusual order: the oil, waste from steel rolling operations, collects in sump holes under the mills and must be disposed of frequently, and pushing the button came within Pugliese's line of duties as a millwright. Pugliese, J&L steelworker for twenty-eight years, knew all this, but he nevertheless refused to carry out the order. He was summarily marched to the front office and handed a five-day suspension. In normal J&L practice, a five-day suspension is an all but automatic prelude to being discharged.

J&L is a major Cleveland polluter. The emissions from its blast furnaces, coke plant, sintering plant, power house and other facilities, along with those from Republic Steel and U.S. Steel nearby, hang in a cloud over the downtown area. Its liquid wastes—oil, phenols, ammonia, etc.—have helped make the Cuyahoga River literally a fire hazard; they flow on from there to contribute to the slow poisoning of Lake Erie. Like the other steel companies, J&L is on the defensive. "The quality of our environment has become an issue of critical concern throughout the country," says the 1970 annual report. "J&L is pledged to meet all government standards. Our objectives and those of the various regulatory agencies striving to achieve clean air and water are one and the same. Any misunderstanding

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that may exist is in regard to the time required to achieve the objectives, not the objectives themselves."

Compared to the rest of J&L's insults to the environment, oil dumping is a minor affront. It *is* a violation of the 1899 Refuse Act, but it isn't central to the plant's operation and it's relatively inexpensive to correct. When the federal government stepped up pollution abatement proceedings against J&L in 1969, the company could easily have complied on this particular form of pollution by pumping the oil into drums for proper disposal. But it was more convenient to continue dumping the oil into the river. According to several J&L millwrights, the company's major concession was to order the workers to confine oil dumping to the night shift. "During the day the coast guard patrols. But at night, the water's black, the oil's black; no one can tell," one steelworker told us. "When the inspectors come around, the company diverts the flow and puts the oil into barrels for disposal."

When we met Pugliese on the day after his suspension, the first thing he wanted to make clear to us was that he had not acted on impulse. He had a history of resistance, he told us, and the company was out to get him:

> It's common practice to dump pollution into the river without any pressure from the authorities. Now you've got this serious situation and this pollution consciousness. Anyone with a conscience, who is concerned about the health and welfare of himself and his family, is concerned about this. They [the companies] just keep on stalling, polluting the waterways and air. So one day you take a stand. I took my stand on June 5, 1969. I refused to pump any more oil into the water. I suggested that they pump it into drums and throw out the drums. . . . This would mean more work for me. Dumping it into the river only involves pushing a button. Pumping it into drums is much more difficult. You have to get the drums and find a hand pump. I said I would do this, but they ordered me to pump it into the river.

Luckily for Pugliese, the company was then under considerable pressure from federal water pollution agencies. After first threatening to suspend him, the company higher-ups quietly dropped the case:

> They were afraid other men would start refusing to dump the oil. So for two years they didn't ask me to do it. They got other men to do it. . . . The foreman or someone would do it at night, or they'd pick on someone who wouldn't argue. . . . But they [the foreman and the supervisor] started harassing me, they ridiculed me, they said they'd like to fire me. They said, "Sometime you're going to do it [dump the oil]—you've got to do it." It turned into a personal vendetta against me.

Other millwrights confirm Pugliese's story. One told of "the time the foreman pointed at [Pugliese] and said, 'We don't need guys like Pugliese around here.' "

We asked Pugliese why his bosses took his 1969 refusal so personally. Did they have a guilty conscience about pollution? Pugliese doubted that this was the reason:

> You see, I set a precedent among the men. I showed that big industry can be made to obey the law. . . . They think I hampered their authority to give orders. Where it used to be ordinary procedure to pump out the floors every two hours [after the 1969 incident], the men would just let it go until they were pressured. Consequently we would have flooding conditions with up to 48 inches of pollution in the basement. . . .

> Like you say, I became kind of a legend. I'm a little older than a lot of the others. Most of the older men won't do anything. They're weary, just riding along. I feel like that, too, a lot. But I claim that they're violating my civil rights—in the first place by polluting the atmosphere and the waterways and causing a condition which is detrimental to everyone, and then they are asking—*ordering*—me to be a partner in violating the law. Even if they want to break the law, they have no right to order me to break it, too.

For two years, the company humored Pugliese. As long as he wasn't directly ordered to dump oil, he was all right. If he was ordered, he knew he'd refuse. When the order came, at 7 A.M. on July 14, it was in a tone of deliberate provocation. "Who's going to do this?" the foreman asked. "I think *Pugliese* would be a good man to do it." "I said, 'What are you trying to do?' " Pugliese told us. " 'We went through this two years ago.' He told me, 'I'm telling you to pump it into the river or go home.' I offered to get a portable pump and pump it into drums, but he said, 'You're refusing an order to work. Either you do it or you go home.' "

From the company's point of view, Pugliese thinks, the order was well timed, because the local union leadership was away in Washington and a grievance on Pugliese's part could not get immediate top-level attention. Pugliese knew this, knew he had eighteen years' seniority behind him (ten of his years with J&L don't count toward seniority because of a technicality) and only six years to hold out for retirement with a pension. Of course, he refused.

Going to meet Pugliese, we were half prepared for some kind of oddball—a middle-aged freak, a paranoid conservationist, a sectarian holdout from the union's more

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turbulent days. We were not prepared for a man who, except for his single aberration, would be chiefly interesting as a prototype millwright, homeowner and father. He is an ordinary looking man; compactly built, brown-haired, wearing glasses and sports clothes, a little young looking for 59. He comes from a family of twenty-two, raised in the factory town of Ashtabula, Ohio; his wife is from Youngstown, where her four brothers still work in the steel mills. For the last thirty-seven years, the Puglieses have lived in their own home, a two-story frame house in a "mixed" (white Eastern and Southern European and Appalachian) neighborhood on Cleveland's near West Side. They put their four children through college and thence to good marriages, good jobs and homes in the suburbs. At the time of our first visit, Mrs. Pugliese's chief concern (after the job and the pension) was about the effect of the publicity on the oldest son, a successful dentist. "I don't know how he's going to explain this to his patients."

Pugliese's career as a steelworker cannot have left much time for hobbies or politics. He quit school at 16 to start work at Otis Steel (later incorporated into J&L) and, except for jobs in defense plants during World War II, has been a steelworker ever since. During the postwar readjustment, he was laid off from three consecutive steel jobs, finally settling down at J&L in 1953. After hours he likes to read—"sometimes till morning," his wife said—and this, rather than any formal education, accounts for his articulateness and wide range of information. Other than that, he likes to be as active as he can in the union.

Even in his concern about pollution, Pugliese is not stridently different from his neighbors or fellow workers. Another J&L millwright told us:

> If they had to close down the J&L plant to fix it so it wouldn't pollute, there'd be a lot of people out of jobs while they were fixing it. But if they don't fix it, then twenty years from now no one will have any jobs at all.

Like other Clevelanders of his age, Pugliese has watched the gradual destruction of the area's beaches, parks and fishing spots. "During the 1956 [steel] strike, we found fish coming back up the river because the steel mills weren't running," he told us. "Just from the steel alone stopping. The same thing again in the 1959 strike. Just think about that." And, like many other old-time steelworkers, he lives on the shallow hills overlooking the Cuyahoga Valley's industrial flatland. "You can scrub and scrub and never keep up," Mrs. Pugliese told us of the air pollution. In her immaculate rooms, she did seem to be keeping up, but the outside surface of the house, like those of the others on the block, was a corroded, peeling gray.

Pollution hounds a steelworker all day, everywhere. In the plant, Pugliese told us, "the pollution is terrible. It's dirty, greasy, full of fumes and smoke. The floors are always wet and slippery." With the outside pollution, it's as if the company were following you home, spoiling everything. Gesturing to the smoke-filled Cuyahoga Valley, Pugliese said:

> What gives them the right to monopolize the whole valley, the whole river and even the air? To take over complete control? This could be a beautiful valley for recreation. Now you can't even go down there without a badge. It's a prison camp atmosphere.

Another steelworker who had dropped in to visit the Puglieses agreed: "They [the companies] act like they own everything."

What is different about Pugliese is not how he *felt* but that he *acted*, and he seemed to take no special pride in this distinction:

> Of course, all the guys feel the same. They've been calling up and coming over. They're with me 100 per cent. . . . I guess most of the men are afraid of losing their jobs, taking a risk. The only thing different about me is I had to take a stand somewhere.

But once Pugliese had taken his stand on July 14, he found himself essentially alone. There was no immediate response from other workers; no rush to put down work and accompany Pugliese en masse to the front office. The union's initial response was no more encouraging. The only local official on hand, the assistant chief grievance man, tried to persuade Pugliese to back down, follow the order for the time being, and register his principles by filing a regular grievance. Pugliese told us:

> I said to him, "I respect your view but I'm going through with this. Are you going to represent me?" He said, "I will." I said, "O.K., represent me. Get in there. You're my attorney now. . . ." The union's on my side, of course. It's limited, though. They're taking it through channels. If I'm not satisfied with the results I'll retain an attorney and take this to the civil courts.

Pugliese said he had acted for "the health and welfare of the general public," and it was to this amorphous constituency that he appealed after he left the plant. His own calls to whatever pollution agencies, public and private, he could think of, and to the local television stations netted a series of polite but indifferent responses. It took a few calls by a sympathetic ex-*Plain Dealer* reporter to get the media interested in the story. By the afternoon of Thursday the 15th, Pugliese was being swept into the public's attention a little too fast for his own comfort. He saw his story on the front page of the *Cleveland Press*, complete with a picture of himself holding up a sample of J&L's oily wastes. He watched himself on the television news, sitting on his porch and responding gravely to the same modish young newscaster who gave the news on the phone strike and the closing of the U.S. Steel plant in Youngstown. "There's no rehearsal. They don't even tell you what they're going to ask you. Just like that—you're on the spot," he told us. By evening the Pugliese story was spreading beyond the northeast Ohio region. "If I get nothing else out of this I got my pound of flesh," he admitted. "I've got nothing personal against the company, but I don't mind seeing them squirm."

In the union and the plant, the impact of the Pugliese "story" quickly surpassed that of the event itself. Another millwright told Pugliese:

> The guys think it's the best thing that could have happened. This puts the union on the spot and they've got to do something now after all the publicity. They got your picture out of the paper and put it up all over the plant today.

By Friday the 16th, Pugliese's fellow workers were planning a wildcat strike if J&L tried to fire Pugliese at the end of the five-day suspension. Probably more concerned about the possibility of a wildcat than about the sus-

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pension itself, the union quickly dispatched the local's chief grievance man back from Washington. By late afternoon Friday, Pugliese could see his case moving smoothly through the regular union channels.

Meanwhile, the Pugliese case had put the pollution agencies on the spot as much as the union. The state government, it turned out, had given J&L a permit to discharge "normal sewage" into the river, on the condition that the company submit an abatement plan for treating the sewage. But the deadline for submitting the plan had already passed, with no action by the Ohio state attorney. As for the oily waste at issue, the local office of the Federal Environmental Protection Agency hastened to announce that it had noted "unusual" liquid discharges from the J&L plant on the morning of the 14th. (They were probably unusual only by virtue of having occurred in the daytime.) A few days later, the EPA confirmed that these discharges did indeed contain high concentrations of oil, and "recommended" that J&L install alternative disposal facilities.

Under fire from the union, the press and the pollution agencies, and faced with a possible wildcat, J&L had little choice but to back down on the Pugliese issue. Their only option lay in what tone to take, and they chose to be as ungracious as possible. On the 15th, at the height of the publicity, the company's Pittsburgh headquarters told the press, "J&L does not publicly discuss any disciplinary action involving an employee," and went on to refute the pollution charges as if they were a separate issue:

> In regard to the control of water discharges from the finishing mill at the Cleveland works, we have taken a number of interim measures to minimize the discharges of oil and other substances into the river pending the completion of a $2 million pollution control system which is now under construction.

On Friday afternoon, the 16th, J&L officials met with union representatives and "conceded" a two-day reduction in Pugliese's suspension. The union representatives got up and walked out. A few hours later, J&L called Pugliese to tell him he was being reinstated with full back pay. But true to its principles to the bitter end, J&L is insisting on giving Pugliese a formal reprimand.

On Saturday, June 17, Pugliese reported back for work. The company was installing drums and pumps to dispose of the oil in the sump holes. But nothing else had changed since Wednesday. Heavy smoke and filthy water still poured out of the plant. Inside, there were the same thick fumes, slippery floors and overpowering heat, the same long uncorrected safety hazards. On Wednesday, July 21, one week after taking his stand, Pugliese was helping load a roll (the cylinder which actually rolls out the steel) onto a high truck. The crane operator was inexperienced and under pressure to meet a schedule. He hoisted the crane before the roll was securely fastened and the 10-ton roll swung down on Pugliese. Jumping off the truck to avoid being crushed, he broke his leg. When we last saw Pugliese, he was at home again, facing an eight-week convalescence. "Production's the god," he said:

> That comes first. Regardless of what they say about safety, equality or anything, production is first. That's the almighty word. Machines cost money, so they spend money to repair them, to maintain them. But men are free, so who cares? If a machine overheats, they put in a fan. But we could die of heat prostration. We can't get a fan. Men are expendable. □

DEFYING THE DOLLAR

LATIN AMERICA SLAMS THE DOOR

PENNY LERNOUX
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Bogotá

When Gov. Nelson Rockefeller made his now forgotten good-will trip to Latin America two years ago, there was a collective groan from the local U.S. business community. "Who the hell in Washington thought that one up?" could be heard in U.S. offices and embassies from Buenos Aires to Quito. True, Mr. Rockefeller had a long and respected record of good relations with the Latins dating from the Roosevelt years, but didn't Washington realize whom he represented? Standard Oil, that's who, and you know what the Latins think about U.S. oil companies!

Sure enough, there were riots in La Paz, bombings in Montevideo and an impressive demonstration of Argentine terrorist technology which demolished a string of Rockefeller-owned supermarkets within seconds of one another. "I don't see why we should have to pay the penalty for Standard Oil's unpopularity," said an angry U.S. bank manager surveying a sidewalk of shattered glass which was all that remained of the bank's windows. Everyone was very relieved when Mr. Rockefeller returned home to write a series of recommendations on Latin American policy which were promptly shelved by Mr. Nixon.

There is something quite comforting about an industry which everybody can stick pins into, and foreign oil in Latin America is one of them. The belief is that if you send an oil representative down to negotiate U.S. policy, naturally all the good guys making refrigerators and drugs will suffer from the backlash. The point most U.S. businessmen failed to grasp is that as far as the Latins are concerned today, a delegate from Sears Roebuck or First National City Bank, for example, is just as reprehensible as someone representing U.S. oil interests. The Rockefeller mission was simply an undiplomatic demonstration of what most Latins take for granted: that behind every U.S. aid delegation lurks the specter of corporate business. Throughout the decade of the now moribund Alliance for

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Progress, the U.S. Government kept telling the Latins how generous American taxpayers were, but the fact of the matter is that more than 90 per cent of Alliance investment came from the Latins themselves. Most of the U.S. loans were tied to the purchase of American goods, and very few had any impact on the poverty-stricken millions the Alliance presumably was supposed to help. Far from eliminating the illiteracy, unemployment and sickness which confront more than one-third of the population, U.S. loans encouraged the formation of a small elite with sophisticated consumer tastes, and so impoverished state treasuries that since 1965 Latin America has been paying more to service its external debt than it receives in new loans. One-quarter of Mexico's income from foreign exchange this year will be used to pay interest on its $3.5 billion external debt, for example. There is little profit to be made from low-cost housing in contrast to the excellent returns shown for electric shavers and cake mixes, which explains why U.S. investment has concentrated on the manufacture of consumer goods in an area where 15 million people still live outside the money economy.

While Washington offices churned out PR releases praising the spirit of hemispheric cooperation under the Alliance, U.S. business representatives in Latin America were remitting $4 in profit for every $1 invested (Department of Commerce statistics). During the sixties alone foreign business sent $8.1 billion back to corporate headquarters. In a great show of generosity aimed at soothing Latin anger over this situation, President Nixon announced that the U.S. Government would untie AID loans to allow the Latins to use these funds to purchase goods in other Latin American countries, not just the United States, although the Latins want to buy in Europe and Japan as well. "In light of our balance-of-payments problems there were compelling arguments against this measure," said Nixon, "but the needs of the hemisphere had to come first." He failed to mention that the United States enjoys a favorable balance of trade of $800 million per year with Latin America.

U.S. businessmen can talk till they're blue in the face about the houses and hospitals they have built, the industries they have nurtured, the thousands they have employed and the imports they have substituted. But Latin Americans aren't listening any more. U.S. business' $13.8 billion investment in Latin America, second only to U.S. commitments in Canada, is under attack throughout the hemisphere. Ten countries, ranging from relatively advanced Mexico to backward Bolivia, already have imposed stiff controls on foreign investment, which in Latin American terms usually means gringo companies, and all indicators point to a further reduction.

In Latin American eyes, today's Yankee imperialist is considerably more subtle and thus more dangerous than his grandfather who kept a private army to protect his oil interests in Mexico or set up banana dictatorships in Central America. The sins of the past, dating mainly from U.S. penetration in Latin America in the first decades of the century, have left a residue of distrust and dislike of the sort so brilliantly described by Colombia's Gabriel García Marquez in his best-selling *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. But even the most rabid gringo baiters recognize that García Marquez's Señor Brown and his terrifying slaughter of banana plantation workers are part of the past (in Colombia's case, the 1920s). What they worry about is Señor Brown's metamorphosis into a Spanish-speaking business administration graduate who manages to bend local law to his company's interests while charming the under secretary of foreign trade on the golf course. Bayonet tactics have been replaced by the smooth takeover of local industries, reasonable-sounding arguments supporting foreign investment, an intricate system of patent cartels and veiled threats. But if Señor Brown's descendants have changed their approach, so have Latin American governments, most of which employ economists and administrators trained in U.S. universities and/or corporations. While still groping for an indigenous political identity which is neither U.S.- nor Soviet-modeled, these countries have a fairly clear idea of economic priorities, and U.S. investment is not one of them.

The bell began to toll in 1968 when Peru's military junta, six days after seizing power, nationalized the International Petroleum Co. (IPC), a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey. The previous constitutional government of Fernando Belaunde Terry had tried to solve the problem of IPC but was handicapped, according to Belaunde's Finance Minister Manuel Ulloa, by harassment and threats from the U.S. Government and U.S. business. A month before his overthrow Belaunde made an agreement with IPC, which promised to cede its La Brea y Pariña oil fields to the government in return for the cancellation of a $144 million tax bill, new exploration rights and the expansion of its refinery at Talara on the coast of northern Peru. Described as a sellout by many Peruvians, the agreement served as a good excuse for the military to sack Belaunde. IPC's ownership of the La Brea y Pariña fields, whose 145-year history is obscured by a series of convoluted legal battles, has come to signify the worst sort of U.S. economic imperialism. The important point in the minds of most Peruvians was IPC's alleged history of buying influence in high government circles. The company's reputation may be judged by the response of the rest of the local U.S. business community which, when it came to the pinch, refused to support IPC publicly or privately. "IPC knows it has no future in Peru. It would never be able to overcome years of ill feeling here," said a U.S. businessman. "But it wants to make Peru an example before the world to show what happens if American property is expropriated." That principle was far more important than Standard Oil's $120 million investment, already amortized several times over. A good deal of shouting was heard in Washington and Lima about the Hickenlooper amendment, which forces the President to suspend aid and sugar quota benefits to any nation which expropriates U.S. property and does not take "appropriate steps" to provide just compensation within six months. But the example never was made, primarily because the Nixon Administration, already involved in a nasty fishing war with Peru, Ecuador and Chile, allowed negotiations to drift into obscurity.

Peru's generals, who describe themselves as leftist nationalists, followed up by expropriating several large plantations, including one owned by W. R. Grace & Co., enacting a law forcing companies to share profits and decisions with workers, and a mining code establishing new

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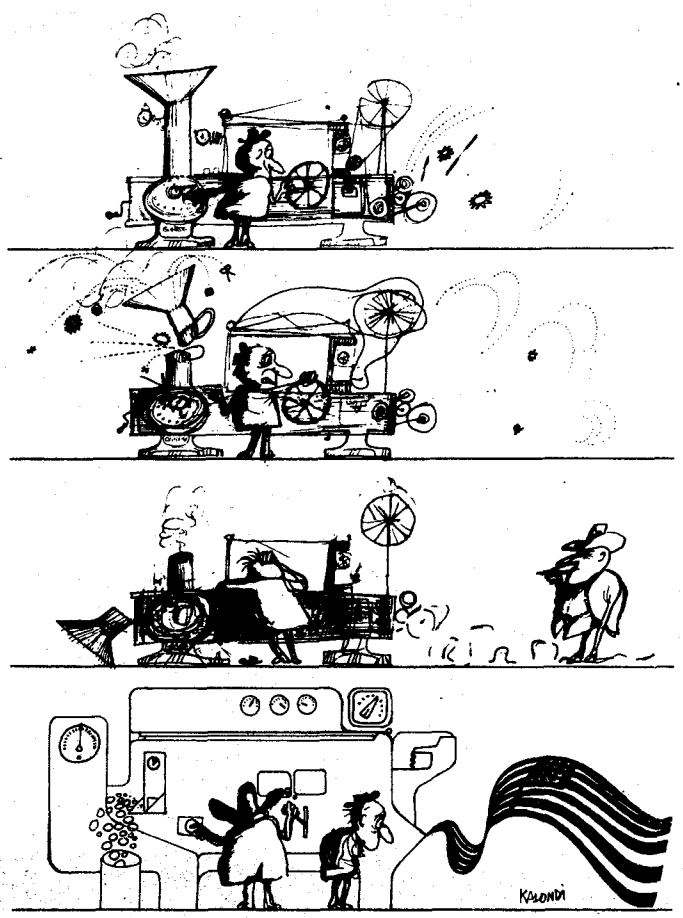
conditions for exploitation of copper concessions by U.S. companies. Charging the companies had left the concessions idle for nearly half a century, the Peruvian Government set deadlines for development which seven companies failed to meet, primarily because the government demanded a bigger say in the control of the mining industry. (Copper and fishmeal are Peru's biggest foreign exchange earners.) Some $865 million in investments were canceled, and the state-owned Minero Peru took over the concessions. New laws also were applied to the U.S.-dominated automobile industry which, like its counterparts in many Latin countries, was selling cars and trucks at twice their U.S. value while refusing to increase the percentage of locally manufactured parts. [See "Mexican Auto Swindle" by Leo Fenster, *The Nation*, June 2, 1969.]

The Peruvian revolution has exercised a profound influence throughout the continent because it was born in the barracks, not guerrilla encampments. Ernesto "Che" Guevara's ill-starred guerrilla war in the Bolivian backlands produced a martyr and a myth, but had no effect on the power structures in Latin America. Peru's clean-shaven generals, despite their bourgeois appearance and a certain administrative ineptitude, have done what "Che" could not: change the rules of the game in Latin America, primarily because they belong to the traditional trinity of power—landowners, church and military.

Appropriately, the first country to feel the effects of the Peruvian revolution was Bolivia, which underwent one of its periodic coups a year after the Peruvian *golpe*. Expressing profound admiration for the Peruvian model, Gen. Alfredo Ovando expropriated the $141 million subsidiary of Gulf Oil three weeks after taking power. Ovando himself was overthrown a year later in a tug of war between Left and Right in which Gen. Juan José Torres emerged the victor. Promising to "Cubanize" Bolivia, Torres canceled the Matilde zinc concession owned by the Mineral and Chemical Corp. of U.S. Steel and a tin contract held by International Metal Processing Corp. (Torres in turn was overthrown by right-wing army Col. Hugo Banzer, who was sworn in as President on August 22, 1971.)



Competencia (Buenos Aires)

Argentina, which has a long history of military and cultural ties to Peru, also has felt the effects of the Peruvian revolution, and an impressive number of colonels and even generals now support more nationalistic policies. During a shopping spree which reached feverish heights in 1968, U.S. interests absorbed three Argentine banks, two tobacco companies and two chemical concerns, twelve automobile spare parts manufacturers and half a dozen other enterprises, mostly by the simple expedient of moving in on a temporarily ailing but basically sound company. Today fifteen of the country's twenty-five biggest companies are U.S.-owned. Such tactics underline one of the Latins' most serious complaints, that U.S. business does not supply new capital and technology but on the contrary eats up local firms and bank credit. A Harvard Business School survey of Colombia, for example, showed that only one out of three U.S. investments made between 1958 and 1967 went into a wholly new business.

Wheeling and dealing in the Argentine banking sector was particularly prevalent because the stakes are so high: annual return on foreign investment in banks in underdeveloped countries is around 30 per cent, compared to 16 per cent for petroleum and 10 per cent for industry. To circumvent a government decree banning the establishment of new foreign bank branches, U.S. interests began raiding local operations. Morgan Guaranty Trust, for example, publicly paid $3 million to obtain 42 per cent of the shares of the Argentine-owned Banco Francés del Río de la Plata, which had a subscribed capital of $10 million and $20 million in national savings. The operation immediately became the center of a stormy scandal when minority shareholders revealed Morgan had made a private deal with the Banco Francés president who agreed to vote his shares with Morgan to give the latter control of 60 per cent. Had Morgan attempted to buy such control outright, the transaction would probably have been vetoed by the Central Bank. Morgan got the bank but not much else; its representatives say they have not been able to open new branches (the principal purpose of the takeover) because the government now considers the bank foreign-owned.

The country's largest privately owned steel operation, Acindar, probably would have gone the way of the Banco Francés had it not been for the intervention of the Defense Ministry which refused to approve the purchase of 30 per cent of the company's stock by U.S. Steel. Among U.S. Steel's conditions were an agreement to give its Venezuelan iron ore subsidiary, Orinoco Mining Co., a ten-year monopoly on Acindar iron imports and a clause

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allowing U.S. Steel to break the contract if it did not like the Argentine Government's economic policies.

Then there was the case of the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., which when it saw the sun setting on its communications empire in Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Peru, attempted to persuade the Latins that they were incapable of running their own satellite monitoring stations. Since only four engineers are needed to administer one of these stations and the profits are astronomical, the Latins decided they could run that risk. "We'll cut off U.S. aid," threatened the ITT Buenos Aires representative. "But Argentina isn't receiving any aid," said the U.S. Embassy.

U.S. control of important local industries can produce a variety of unhealthy situations. In Argentina, for example, U.S. interests (first American Foreign Power, then Electric Bond & Share, then Boise-Cascade) have forced various governments to maintain a high tariff barrier or even total ban against fertilizer imports to prop up their obsolete, money-losing Petrosur plant. Since grain farmers cannot afford Petrosur's fertilizer, millions go hungry in Latin America while the continent's breadbasket remains half-empty.

U.S. companies talk a lot about the need for a free currency, but often it is their actions which bring about the establishment of exchange controls. One of the chief causes of Argentina's traditional March devaluations, for example, is end-of-year profit and dividend remittances by U.S. companies which exchange large sums of pesos for dollars, usually by discounting notes, and are willing to pay more than 20 per cent in interest. The pressure on the peso is so severe that the currency cannot maintain its parity, and a devaluation of 15 to 20 per cent takes place. For dollar holders, devaluation in three months cancels the cost of the annual interest and provides a healthy profit.

The most obvious and, to some Latins, most regrettable result of U.S. economic influence is its impact on cultural traditions and consumer customs. Brazilians get up in the morning and shave with American razor blades, brush their teeth with American toothpaste, breakfast on American cornflakes, drive in American cars to offices with American air conditioners. Their children watch *Batman* on American TV or listen to Frank Sinatra and the Tijuana Brass on American radios while drinking American soft drinks and eating hot dogs. Their wives use American cosmetics, shop at American supermarkets and cook their American cake mixes, soups, fruits and vegetables on American stoves. Coffee miraculously still is Brazilian. Diversions include American movies, American restaurants and bars, American bowling alleys, and for the kids summer outings to Disneyland. Brazil's right-wing military dictatorship, alone among South American nations, has encouraged further Americanization of the economy (the Brazilians themselves have not been consulted) with the result that U.S. investment has climbed to $1.7 billion and Brazilian imports from the United States total $800 million annually. Business support of the seven-year-old military regime undoubtedly has encouraged Washington to look the other way when charges of political terrorism and torture are made against Brazil's generals. The American Chamber of Commerce in Sao Paulo, Brazil's industrial hub, reports that "at least 90 per cent of the local and foreign businessmen active here look favorably at the situation at present."

If possible, the Venezuelans are more Americanized than the Brazilians. Caracas, with its freeway traffic jams, smog and billboards, advertising everything from U.S. tractors to Kentucky fried chicken, is a miniature Los Angeles, and even the language has a gringo tinge. You "cheque" your "carro" here and travel "by place" in a collective taxi. If you don't feel well, the doctor may tell you it is "stress" and that you should limit your diet to an occasional "drink" and a lunch-time "sandwich" and take up some "hobby" like "golf." So common is Spanglish that other Latins say they can't understand the Venezuelans.

The Venezuelans, however, are determined to reduce American influence on their economy. U.S. oil companies, which account for the major part of the $4.5 billion investment in Venezuela, recently were presented with a retroactive tax bill which hikes the Venezuelan Government's share of the profits to 79 per cent. The government also plans to nationalize the profitable gas industry and has begun moving in the direction of a new petroleum policy which will make the state-owned petroleum enterprise the majority shareholder in future oil operations. Once independent fiefdoms, the oil companies have been forced to accept increasingly tough government restrictions since the overthrow of dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez in 1958. Today they are faced with the certainty that Venezuela's Center-Left congress will place a government padlock on all oil concessions which expire in 1983-84, these being the bulk of the companies' oil properties. Both houses passed the historic reversion law and President Caldera signed it in August. Under it, all property, including refineries, technical studies and administration buildings, as well as the land, revert to the state as the concessions expire. Meanwhile, the government will have the right to inspect and control installations to guarantee equipment is kept in good condition, and the companies will be forced to subscribe to a special maintenance fund which could total $1 billion. Described as "*de facto* nationalization" by the oil companies, the law substantially weakens their future bargaining position. The Venezuelans are well aware that without the refineries, pipelines and other essentials of an oil property, they would be forced to renegotiate concessions with the same companies on their terms. Under the new rules, the market will be open to all, and those who wish to come in will have to work through contracts which give the state 90 per cent of the profits and a say in management.

Despite threats and angry denunciations from such giants as Standard Oil of New Jersey and Shell, the Venezuelans hold the upper hand. Uncertain as the situation may appear to the oil companies, it is considerably less volatile than in the Middle East. Earlier expectations of massive development of atomic energy sources have not been realized, while world fuel needs have grown with a consequent increase in prices. Foreign oil companies no longer are in a position to dictate national policy in Venezuela or elsewhere because the petroleum producers, under the aegis of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), have learned they, too, can form cartels to deal with the international giants. There is a certain poetic justice in the fact that Venezuela, which

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suffered some of the worst atrocities committed by the oil companies anywhere, was the chief architect of OPEC and taught the Arabs how to defy and cow the petroleum world's former rulers.

As in Peru, Argentina and Chile, the Venezuelans are restructuring the foreign-owned automobile industry to prune prices and models, no less than 140 for a consumers' market of only 10 million. And like Ecuador and Peru, the government has drastically reduced U.S. participation in the banking sector by insisting on 80 per cent Venezuelan ownership.

All these initiatives pale beside a forthcoming law on foreign investment that has produced dread in the U.S. business community. Many businessmen believe it will be very tough, and will change the investment climate significantly. "We know the good old days are gone forever," said a U.S. tire manufacturer in what may be the understatement of the year. Venezuela's Center-Left congress aims to strongly curtail U.S. investments in manufacturing, particularly foods, drugs, cosmetics and intermediate electronics, and establish controls to exclude foreign investment from sectors where Venezuelans can supply the capital and advanced technology is not needed. Other sectors like automobile manufacturing and petroleum will be treated separately. "We see no reason why there should be a plethora of U.S. cigarette brands on the market or why a Venezuelan company should pay 10 per cent of its gross sales for a U.S. zipper patent," says Hector Hurtado, chief economic planner for Democratic Action, the country's largest party. "Just how much technological know-how is involved in the production of a zipper?"

The U.S. business community is hurriedly collecting facts and figures to justify its presence in Venezuela, and the local American Chamber of Commerce is quietly pushing the idea of "Mexicanization" instead of transferring majority of ownership to Venezuelan capital. But such efforts may prove to be too little and too late because Venezuela, albeit a democratically governed nation, is experiencing the same upsurge of nationalism obvious in the military regimes of Peru, Bolivia and Argentina. As to the Mexican example, it, too, may cease to be valid as the Mexicans, worried about their country's astronomical foreign debt, have lost much of their original enthusiasm for foreign loans, which in most cases have not been applied to the basic development sector. Tariff barriers encouraging the production of shoddy goods at high prices are expected to be reduced and the government plans to force U.S. investment into export-producing industries instead of import substitution.

In an area where 30 per cent of the population, or 80 million people, are illiterate and 39 per cent of the labor force is unemployed or underemployed, social and economic pressures are so great that many governments have been forced to experiment with new solutions, and U.S. business will either have to accommodate itself to the change or close shop. One of these experiments is the foreign investment agreement of the two-year-old Andean Group common market composed of Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Chile. The most salient feature of the agreement, one which has caused considerable anguish in the United States, is a timetable for local majority control of foreign industries: fifteen years in Colombia, Peru and Chile and twenty years in less-developed Ecuador and Bolivia. An outraged Council of the Americas, spokesman for U.S. business, announced the suspension of investments in the Andean Group by 240 U.S. companies, but the Latins remained unimpressed. Determined to run their own industries and obtain a more equitable return for high-priced technology, they insist that U.S. business must change its traditional policy of hoarding the profits, top jobs and industrial secrets and give Latin Americans an equal partnership. They also want to put an end to chaotic internal sectors like the foreign-owned drug industry in Colombia in which forty-five companies compete with 15,000 products, many of which are exactly the same, in a consumers' market of 21.5 million people (France with more than twice the population manufactures 8,500 products). "We're not terribly worried about U.S. critics," said Colombian Development Minister Jorge Valencia. "There are other countries willing to invest on our terms, you know, and anyway I think a lot of these U.S. companies will find they can adjust when they think about it."

"It's amazing how much hollering there is about the investment agreement when one considers some of the most critical companies already are working under similar arrangements in other parts of the world," added a retired U.S. executive.

All sorts of arguments may be used against Latin America's new attitude toward U.S. investment, but nobody can say it is unpopular. What started as a barracks movement in Peru has spread to democratically governed countries as well as to other military regimes, and has earned a kind of constitutional seal of approval at the Chilean polls where voters chose the hemisphere's first freely elected Socialist President last year. The success or failure of Salvador Allende's Popular Unity coalition, which already has inspired copies in Uruguay and Venezuela, may rate as the most important event of the decade in Latin America. Like Mexico's nationalization of U.S. oil companies thirty-three years ago, Allende's take-over of the huge copper investments of Anaconda, Kennecott and Cerro Corp. comprises another irreversible shift in U.S.-Latin American relations. Chile's *mineros,* for one, will not be sorry to see the gringos go. You will hear no kind words for Señor Brown from the miners who have lived in the terrible tenements of Kennecott's El Teniente Mine where not a single blade of grass grows, or in the arid wastelands of Chuquicamata, where Chileans soon will be moving into the small group of neat, whitewashed bungalows in which I dined three years ago. The compound was reserved for Anaconda supervisors and executives, mostly American, and offered a good view of the towering pink and green mountain of copper residue known as "the cake" and the rim of the world's largest open-cast copper mine; beyond stretched the workers' shabby town and the horizonless Atacama Desert. "We'll see the Chileans in hell before they get Exotica," said my dinner companion, banging down his soup spoon. A man with emphatic political views who described Goldwater as a liberal, the red-faced American supervisor spent most of the evening expounding on the subject of possible Chilean nationalization of Anaconda's Chuquicamata operations and its newer, exceptionally promising Exotica mine. I heard he was transferred a few months ago. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Life at Yasnaya Polyana

THE LAST YEAR OF LEO TOLSTOY. *By Valentin Bulgakov. Translated by Ann Dunnigan. Introduction by George Steiner. The Dial Press. 235 pp. $7.95.*

HUGH McLEAN
Mr. McLean teaches Russian literature at the University of California. He has written extensively on Russian literary figures and translated Leskov and Zoshchenko.

In the fall of 1909 a bright young student at Moscow University named Valentin Bulgakov received an unexpected, highly flattering proposal: would he be willing to serve as the private secretary of Leo Tolstoy? Naturally he jumped at the chance. The boundless admiration for the towering literary giant he shared with Russia and all mankind was in Bulgakov's case intensified by religious discipleship—which was of course the reason for his selection. Bulgakov was a believing "Tolstoyan." A student of philosophy, he had written a professionally systematic—and highly sympathetic—exposition of Tolstoy's ethics. While working on that treatise, which ultimately received the master's imprimatur (though it could not be published until 1917), Bulgakov had had several conferences with the old sage and one with his all-powerful chief apostle, Vladimir Chertkov. It was actually Chertkov who chose Bulgakov for the job, to replace Nikolai Gusev (later Tolstoy's most meticulous biographer), who had been arrested and exiled. Bulgakov assumed his duties in January 1910, and remained on the job until Tolstoy's death in November of the same year.

Chertkov was not permitted by the police to live in Tolstoy's vicinity. He therefore sought to use the new secretary as his private eye within the Tolstoy household. Bulgakov was instructed to keep a careful daily record of his experiences and supplied with special notebooks designed to produce carbon copies of his diary, these to be dispatched regularly to Chertkov. This record Bulgakov faithfully kept, although later in the course of that dramatic year, torn by conflicting loyalties and ethical imperatives, the young philosopher contrived to stop sending the carbons to his sponsor. He thus ultimately became the spy at Yasnaya Polyana not so much for Chertkov as for posterity, for us. His diary remains one of the most important biographical documents concerning the last year of Tolstoy's life.

The self-appointed keeper of Tolstoy's conscience, Chertkov had for years been engaged in a life-and-death struggle for the old man's soul with the Countess Tolstoy (who at one point even accused him of homosexual relations with her aged husband). Apart from its purely human dimensions, poignant and tragic as these were, this conflict had much deeper, almost cosmic resonances. The disciple and the wife were human symbols representing two poles of Tolstoy's deeply riven nature. Chertkov stood for the latter-day, official, "Tolstoyan" Tolstoy, "St. Leo," the neo-Christian anarchist, pacifist, vegetarian and bootmaker, the repudiator of civilization, science and Shakespeare—and of his own great novels. The Countess, on whom he had sired thirteen children, who had lovingly copied drafts of *War and Peace* as many as seven times, might be identified with several older, perhaps deeper Tolstoys: Tolstoy the "seer of the flesh," the primeval life force, the practitioner and epic celebrant of hunting, farming, war and love; also Tolstoy the Count, the blue-blooded scion of the Volkonskys and the Tolstoys, the squire and former serf owner; and finally Tolstoy the literary sorcerer, the gigantic and inexhaustible talent whose artistic creations rank among the greatest achievements of that same civilization repudiated by Chertkov's Tolstoy.

In this final, climactic year of his life the old man was at last forced to choose. The questionable compromise of the past thirty years, according to which the new St. Leo had affected to live a life of humility and poverty, but in the same house and on the same estate, these now, as it were, owned and operated against his will by his wife—this arrangement finally broke down. The poor Countess was becoming emotionally unhinged, and toward the end she made both their lives unendurable.

Certainly she had had much to bear. Thirty years earlier her illustrious husband had abruptly announced to the world that the life they had shared and loved—the estate, the books, even their conjugal bed—all this had been not only mistaken but wicked. The estate and its comforts depended on the immoral exploitation of other human beings; the books were nothing but entertainments for an idle exploiting class; and sexuality itself, even in marriage, was an expression of satanic lusts inculcated by a corrupt society and supported by idleness, meat, alcohol and tobacco. No weakling, the Countess had fought back with all the resources she could command, including her femininity. She had insisted on bringing up and educating her children according to the normal expectations of their class; she had taken over the management of the estate and made it pay; she had assumed control over all new editions of Tolstoy's works written before his conversion. Surrounding him with the comforts and attentions he was used to, she kept hoping that some day her husband would give up his fanatical nonsense and return to their old life. There had, to be sure, been a good deal of sexual backsliding in the early post-conversion years; but by 1910 this was long since past, and it was clear that the Tolstoy of *War and Peace* was gone forever. Feeling herself hopelessly alienated from her husband and from many of her children (following Dr. Freud's best prescriptions, in this family war the sons tended to side with their mother and the daughters with their father), an object of moral revulsion to her husband's followers, and surrounded in her own house by agents of her arch-enemy Chertkov, it is no wonder that her emotional balance gave way.

Life at Yasnaya Polyana became unbearable. After a constantly escalating series of hysterical scenes, Tolstoy finally could stand no more. At the age of 82, after forty-eight years of married life, on the night of October 27, 1910, he sneaked away from his beloved home, never to return. Eleven days later he died of pneumonia at the little railway station of Astapovo. Chertkov had won, or so it seemed at the time. Tolstoy's "going away" signified his final and irrevocable commitment to Tolstoyism. But in the balance sheet of history the decisive entries need not be the last ones; and sixty years later the Countess' Tolstoy surely looms larger on our cultural and even moral horizon than Chertkov's.

At any rate, Tolstoy's "last year" was certainly not lacking in drama and excitement, and Bulgakov's is the best eyewitness account of it we have. There is, to be sure, something ignoble and even ludicrous about this drama: the marital squabbles of an old couple, who should

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have outlived such shenanigans long before, played to the grandstands of the world and of history. (Bulgakov was one of no less than six people, including both Tolstoy and his wife, keeping diaries at Yasnaya Polyana in 1910; and almost every casual visitor felt obliged to record for posterity his fleeting vision of the strife.) But ignoble or not, it is, after all, a piece of the real life of the real Tolstoy; and that is enough in itself to make it important. Bulgakov was the most objective of the six diarists. His allegiance to Tolstoy's doctrines and his enormous devotion to the great man himself did not prevent him from perceiving and sympathizing with the Countess' anguish, despite her often impossible behavior, nor from recognizing and disapproving of Chertkov's doctrinaire heartlessness. Basically, Bulgakov was a very nice young man, sympathetic and fair-minded. His diary is no literary masterpiece; it shows no exceptional powers of psychological insight; but it is the honest and conscientious testimony of a witness who happened to have a superb vantage point during that critical time.

Besides his account of the conflict which climaxed in Tolstoy's celebrated "going away," Bulgakov's diary contains a great deal else of interest, filling out our picture of the old Tolstoy. Even at 82, the man's intellectual energy is astounding: the books read, partly for a collection of "thoughts" he was editing; the innumerable letters written; the people talked to, questioned, and preached to; the judgments passed. And physical energy too—not only long hours of work but long walks and horseback rides, every day, almost to the end. On the other hand, the old man's intellectual sclerosis is also all too apparent, the dogmatism, the habit of measuring all things according to the rigid formulas of his own doctrines.

Bulgakov's diary was first published in Russian in 1911, the year after Tolstoy's death. It was reprinted in 1918 and 1920, and a French translation appeared in 1924. In these early editions, however, considerable excisions had been made to protect the sensibilities of persons mentioned who were then still living. Some of the omitted parts were made public by Bulgakov in 1924 in Prague, where he had emigrated; these were incorporated in a Moscow edition of 1928. After World War II Bulgakov returned to Russia and became a curator of the Tolstoy museum at Yasnaya Polyana. He brought out in 1957 a new, even fuller Russian edition of the old diary. This was apparently the edition on which the present English version is based, though none of this information is given there.

A comparison of these two editions, Soviet and American, can perhaps be taken as an object lesson, symptomatic of the publishing styles, and publishing vices, of the two countries. The Soviet edition is drab, printed on poor paper, and contains an irritatingly officious, safely colorless introduction by one S. Rozanova. It sold in 1957 for about the equivalent of $1.50. The American edition, at $7.95, is attractively bound and printed, though with a gimmicky use of unrectified right-hand margins, apparently supposed to suggest the informality of a diary. It has an introduction by a fashionable literary celebrity, George Steiner, which, though it shows no awareness of Bulgakov's full text and little familiarity with Tolstoy scholarship, is at least a much more personal and vivid piece of writing than Miss Rozanova's routine claptrap. On the other hand, the Soviet edition gives what is presumably the complete text of the diary, at least a much fuller one than Miss Dunnigan's version. Of 383 pages of Russian text, Miss Dunnigan has translated only 231, and her pages are shorter than the Russian ones. The American reader should therefore be warned, for the publisher does not tell him so, that this is a *drastically abridged* translation, cut almost by half. Miss Dunnigan's statement of her principles of deletion is far from candid. She claims, falsely, to have omitted only "repetitious accounts of . . . secretarial duties, certain casual references to unknown local persons [!] . . . and . . . redundant health bulletins." In fact, a great deal is left out that fits none of these categories. Evidently, commercial considerations made it expedient to cut Bulgakov's book down to what is considered marketable size, and the translator obligingly provides a suitable rationalization. Further, the Soviet edition contains 62 pages of very thorough factual annotations and an excellent index; the American translation has 3 meager pages of notes and no index at all. Finally, though this may not be a fair part of the comparison, since the Russian is original, Miss Dunnigan's translation must be acknowledged as disgracefully sloppy. Egregious omissions, including many that are obviously not intentional, but merely the product of haste and carelessness, as well as tamperings with the text and downright blunders, abound on almost every page. Once again it has been demonstrated that American commercial publishers are simply unwilling to exert the appropriate controls, or to spend the money, to produce really sound, dependable translations from Russian.

So who is ahead in the race for this moon? To me it seems clear that in this particular kind of bookmaking, when the material raises no serious questions of censorship, the Russian publishers do a far more satisfactory job than ours. □

The Merchant of Trieste

FURTHER CONFESSIONS OF ZENO. *By Italo Svevo. Translated from the Italian by Ben Johnson and P. N. Furbank. University of California Press. 302 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.45.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN
Mr. Markmann, a frequent contributor, is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. He is currently at work on an analytical study of an aspiring American dynasty and on The Grubs of Academe, *an examination of community colleges in a state educational system.*

Works left unfinished because of the author's death are always a calculated risk; yet there are writers who in one sense must come out ahead on such gambles, regardless of any seeming short-term loss; the very failings of the fragments drive readers into the rediscovery of the artist at his best. One could hardly assay with any justice this projected variorum of sequels to *The Confessions of Zeno* without going back first to that ancestor that reminds us once again of our debt to James Joyce the discoverer, as well as James Joyce the writer.

Zeno first confessed, it will be remembered, when he was at the peak of his powers and problems, and his psychoanalyst, pioneering that black art in Trieste before what is quaintly called the Great War, commissioned the record as part of the treatment—in which his patient never believed. The new volume contains five narrative pieces, two of which, we are told in a brief prefatory note, appear to have been alternative beginnings to the sequel, while the three other, longer pieces are subsequent fragments; there is in addition a splendid three-act play, *Regeneration*, which clearly derives from the same sources and the same personages, though the names are changed.

The prose segments and the play are centered on the single obsession of the recognition of old age. Zeno is in his mid-70s now, and one can only be grateful that he was never made to taste the sententious pap of Browning ("Grow old

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along with me/ The best is yet to be"). Zeno is a European, not an Anglo-Saxon (or an Anglo-Saxon's idealization of a rabbi), and so he is the same realist about old age when it has caught him as he was when it relieved him of his father: it is a bore at its kindest, a degradation at its commonest, a torture at its worst. But he is an ironist too, and into his irony his creator has infused all the heady ingredients of that Trieste in which he lived and died, that Austro-Hungarian possession peopled by Slavs, Magyars, Italians and Jews in a microcosm of all that made up a now vanished *Mitteleuropa*.

No one and nothing, least of all himself and what happens to him and in him, is exempt from Zeno's sardonic analysis, in which there is now no trace of the self-pity that the younger confessor mocked in himself. Four years over his Biblical ceiling, he contemplates (in the second of the alternative opening chapters, "An Old Man's Confessions") a rejuvenation operation, which in fact his counterpart in *Regeneration*, Giovanni Chierici, undergoes, not least because he so wholly accepts and shares the young's impatient dismissal of the old. Which is not to say that he treats the young with any less irony.

The ironist is often a man who is frightened of his own capacity to betray himself by tenderness. Svevo, as befits the superior ironist, has no such fear. The very acuity of his insights frees him, as it does a Proust or a Joyce or a Gide or a Pirandello, for emotion without embarrassments. One is always smiling, and sometimes laughing, when reading Svevo; at times indeed one is savoring something close to *Schadenfreude*. But then, too, one is often very deeply moved. Zeno may mock his bereaved daughter's professional widowhood, as he laughs at her pompously calculating admirer, but he respects the genuine element in her paraded grief, as he cannot withhold a certain empathy from the bovine potential son-in-law whose given and family names he always prefers to forget.

Comparisons with Proust, Gide, Joyce and Pirandello, first made half a century ago, arose out of the similar attitudes of all four writers toward man's fundamental condition of often braggart helplessness, as well as their so very nearly congruent analytic sensitivities. In the play that closes this new volume, indeed, one is at times in doubt whether it is not Pirandello that one is reading: not because Svevo has borrowed or imitated but simply because psychologically and artistically they seem identical twins. Stylistically it is only Gide, among the other three, with whom Svevo has much affinity; what he shares with all, however, is point of view and perception. His prose is simple rather than ornate in its riches.

In this respect as in his insights Svevo is much more a 20th-century and even a contemporary author (in spite of his having died more than forty years ago) than that inexplicable idol of much of American youth, Hermann Hesse, to whom the young Germans very sensibly accord the charity of silence. Svevo, it is true, has nothing to say to the neo-romantics, the narcissists or the illusionists; but, if only he were brought to their attention, he should certainly have a great deal to say to perceptive minds repelled by sham and rejoiced by wit that is never dehumanized.

Svevo was always careful to make it plain that he was not a professional of literature; he was a merchant who ran a business in Trieste and who led a cultivated life there, taking no part in politics and allowing nothing of the city's ever contending allegiances even to hint its way into what he wrote for his own satisfaction. And, because he wrote for himself first, he wrote always with unswerving honesty. No fraud, however pious, was indulged—and none escaped his vision. He belonged to no school, he furthered no doctrine. It is precisely because he wrote only for himself that he wrote so splendidly for us.

This century is by now too crowded with the names of undeservedly neglected writers. It would be pleasant—though Svevo would be the first to raise an eyebrow at the notion—if the appearance of *Further Confessions of Zeno* should set off a revival of American interest in Svevo and result in new paperback editions of all his work. None of the earlier books has been translated since 1929 (except his lecture on Joyce), and the fact reminds one of the wise proposal that every good book should be translated afresh for every generation; one would add "for every country." There is, after all, in Svevo's virile Italian no taint of the pedantic or the "literary." But there are a directness and an acknowledgment of the basic absurd that, I think, make this half-forgotten businessman who died with the 1920s a writer very much for these years. □

A Variety of Melancholy

THE RINGERS IN THE TOWER: Studies in Romantic Tradition. *By Harold Bloom. The University of Chicago Press. 352 pp. $12.*

MARTIN LEBOWITZ
Mr. Lebowitz has contributed to The Journal of Philosophy, The Kenyon Review *and other publications, and to two anthologies:* The Critics' Notebook (*University of Minnesota*) *and* The Kenyon Critics (*World*).

If romanticism is more than a profusion of words, it is perhaps the will to power. It is often said that language, merely by being used, confers a sense of mastery, and novelty of style may embody a critical response to a novel situation. But this is to assert nothing more, perhaps, than the virtue of self-expression.

Professor Bloom tells us:

> The Odyssey is the fundamental quest romance, and the first romantic poem. Romance is a journey toward home, the hero's home though not the reader's, nor even a home where the hero might bear to abide. . . . At the least, we are given a quester and his quest, antagonists and temptations, a presiding goal. Demonic romance, as Borges shows, the art of Browning or Kafka or Yeats, unwillingly exposes the goal as delusive, but even such gnostic romance values the journey more than the destination, and leaves us something more than a sense of loss.

If the idea of a quest is taken figuratively, the distinctive attributes of romanticism are teleological; it is a movement overflowing with purpose. The 19th century is of course an age of historicism: Hegel, Marx and Freud might be viewed as its *explicit* prototypes—the idealized Prussian state, utopia, death and the womb are in one sense dynamically interchangeable, home for the "hero" though not necessarily for the reader. The dialectical aspect of teleology is that it involves the idea of a purpose to end all purposes, despite the extent to which it "values the journey." In another sense romanticism is a parable or parody of dementia: the ascendancy of motivation as against the reality principle—Wallace Stevens said, for example, that the trouble with Eliot is that he failed to make the visible less visible, that is, imaginary. Bloom cogently remarks that there is no reconciliation of man and nature in Wordsworth's poetry, but that "the healing function is performed only when the poetry shows the power of mind over outward sense." A cultural counterpart of the social idealism of the romantic age is the ambition of poets like Blake (and Nietzsche) to produce or become a superior individual; Bloom has a good deal to say about the dialectic of the self as deterring the development of a better self.

The author himself regards his theme as "poetic misprision," which is

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to say, "poetic influence conceived as an anxiety principle or variety of melancholy." To regard this as a principle of development, both historical and personal, is to suggest the degree in which the romantic sensibility, in its prophetic and visionary intensity, is governed by the past. The theme of poetic misprision, however, although repeatedly mentioned, is insufficiently applied to the poets in question. But the following passage amplifies and justifies that theme:

> The burden of *Marius The Epicurean* is the burden of the modern lyric, from Wordsworth to Stevens, the near solipsism of the isolated sensibility, of the naked aesthetic consciousness deprived of everything save its wavering self and the flickering of an evanescent beauty in the world of natural objects, which is part of the universe of death. As a critic, Pater derived from Ruskin, and went further in alienation. This stance of experiential loss and aesthetic gain is familiar enough to contemporary analysts in several disciplines. It was while Pater labored at the composition of *Marius* that the unconscious was formally "discovered" (about 1882), and thus the Romantic inner self received its definitive formulation. Societies (Victorian and Antonine) disintegrate, and individuals (Pater and Marius) lose all outward connections. Pater would have understood immediately the later description of the unconscious proposed by the phenomenologists: an index of the remoteness of the self's relationships with others. . . . Marius is the masterpiece of things-in-their-farewell.

The perception of a universe of death reflects not merely estrangement but a frustration of the essentially integrative function of consciousness. The exaltation of the imagination, the view that it has an ideal or prophetic reality, helps account for the interpretation of poetic influence as a principle of anxiety or melancholy. Indeed, the great romantic theme of alienation obviously engenders the belief in the "secret inner self, the inner-world in which everything the world has to offer is shut away."

Bloom tells us that, for English-speaking readers, the age of romanticism extends from the childhood of Blake and Wordsworth to the present moment. The author regards the work of J.H. Van den Berg as essential to an understanding of romanticism—the view that Rousseau was the first to regard the child as a child, and to stop treating the child as an adult. "This process of child and adult growing away from each other began in the 18th century. It was then that the period of adolescence came into existence." What allies Blake and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, is their conviction that they are reviving the true

LETTER FROM A DOG WITH MANGE

I leave my water bowl and my bed
to my master. I leave my chain to rust.
It's all the same. I failed
to die of rabies.

When the angels come, uplifting things,
I plan to be made clean, for you to rot.
Death tastes sour. The ticks leave,
the vermin, all who prosper on blood.

Because I bit that child, my brain
will be cut. The doctors will marvel:
he went so far with this.
It comes to opinion, to the bitter end.
I leave my scales to those
who like the flavor.

Thomas Rabbitt

English tradition of poetry, which they thought had vanished after the death of Milton, and had reappeared in diminished form in admirable but doomed poets like Chatterton, Cowper and Collins. Bloom says that this movement consists in an "internalization" of the quest variety of romance, made in the name of a "humanizing hope that approaches apocalyptic intensity." These patterns of what M. H. Abrams calls "the apocalypse of imagination" all stem directly from English reactions to the French Revolution, or to the intellectual currents that had flowed into the revolution. Psychologically, they stem from the child's vision of a more titanic universe. The romantic imagination moves from nature to the imagination's freedom, which is frequently purgatorial—redemptive yet destructive of the social self. Thus this quest is shadowed by a spirit that narrows consciousness to an acute preoccupation with self. Blake calls this spirit of solitude a Spectre, or the genuine Satan, the Thanatos or death impulse in every natural man.

Bloom asserts that modern poetry in English is the invention of Blake and Wordsworth; Wordsworth's greatness is that his uncanny originality, the most astonishing break with tradition in the language, has been so influential that we have lost sight of its audacity and arbitrariness. Bloom sums up his point of view by saying that the hero of internalized quest is the poet himself, the antagonists of quest are everything in the self that blocks imaginative work, and the fulfillment is never the poem itself but the poem beyond that is made possible by the apocalypse of imagination. Now the program of romanticism, and not just in Blake, demands something more than a natural man to carry it through; enlarged and more numerous senses are necessary—romanticism demands such an expansion and attempts to make it possible.

In a letter written as he expected to die, Blake referred to the Imagination as the Real Man; to this, nature is the immediate though not the ultimate antagonist. Bloom believes that the best name for the antagonist is Keats's Identity, the most traditional name being Selfhood—that part of the erotic that cannot be released in the dialectic of love. Bloom again quotes Van den Berg on Freud: "Ultimately the enigma of grief is the libido's inclination toward exterior things." Bloom adds that all outward movement, in the Freudian psychodynamics, is a fall that results from an "overfilled inner self," which would sicken within if it did not fall outward, and downward, into the world of objects and of other selves. It is in this sense that the author tends to imply that romanticism can be "castigated" as an "erotic illusion."

Bloom cites Emerson's belief—"Nature is made to conspire with spirit to emancipate us"—as confirming his place in the romantic tradition. But it finally becomes clear, says the author, that we are to be made free from nature itself. He regards this passage as expressing the closest American equivalent to Blakean myth:

> Man is the dwarf of himself. Once he was permeated and dissolved by spirit. He filled nature with his overflowing currents. Out of him sprang the sun and moon; from man the sun, from woman the moon. The laws of his mind, the periods of his actions externalized themselves into day and night, into the year and the seasons. . . .

Bloom insists that "nineteenth-century American culture is the age of Emerson, and what we undergo now seems more than ever his."

The author suggests that the theme of A. R. Ammons' poetry is to answer or to name that "enlargement of life that is also a destruction." Likewise, Wallace Stevens "understands that death and change are the mothers of beauty," and that the true romantic agony is the fear of solipsism, "the horror of becoming a monster like Blake's Urizen, self-absorbed in the deathly perfection of silence." Stevens is indeed regarded by Bloom as our pre-eminent poet, the culmination of American romanticism—Stevens and Hart Crane being a synthesis of the "violent strains" that have made American romanticism so extreme a variety.

The paradoxical brilliance of Bloom's studies of romanticism may in part be a matter of emphasis—on Blakean and Coleridgean motifs of metaphysical ideal-

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ism and on a psychoanalytically conditioned sensitivity to "violence"—yet the total impression of this author's work is one of clarity and astonishing insight. Romanticism appears to be a critique of the French Revolution in that the idea of a superior individual implies the insufficiency of purely social or political progress. Indeed, the social or even evolutionary implications of Blake's "activism" is a subject as yet inadequately explored. One is tempted to say that the final stage of capitalism is psychoanalysis! □

Poetry After the Fall

THE TRUTH OF POETRY: Tensions in Modern Poetry from Baudelaire to the 1960s. *By Michael Hamburger. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 341 pp. $8.95. Paper $2.95.*

GRACE SCHULMAN
Mrs. Schulman has published poetry and reviews in literary journals, and has completed a study of the poetry of Marianne Moore.

"Without Contraries is no progression," Blake wrote. "Without contraries there would be no poetry either," Michael Hamburger adds, asserting that the poetry of this century is distinguished by the contrasts it embodies. The title of Mr. Hamburger's study refers to Keats's paradox of truth and beauty, whose tensions he believes are fundamental to poetry that distills modern experience.

His book is important at a time when political upheaval has forced poets to waver between aesthetic commitment and human concern. Within the past century, many poets have turned from the Romantic-Symbolist attitudes inherited from their predecessors to an art for life's sake. At an extreme, social responsibility has caused many artists to abandon metaphor, myths, and archetypes, as in the anti-poetry of Brecht and his followers. But even here, Mr. Hamburger maintains, the interaction of those opposites, truth and poetry, defines what is modern and what is art: "Every modern poet worth reading contains an anti-poet, just as every modern anti-poet worth reading contains a Romantic-Symbolist poet."

Treating Baudelaire as the exemplar of the conflict between "pure" and committed art, Hamburger suggests that the truth of his poetry can be deduced from tensions created by his own contradictions. Disillusioned with the capitalist order that had rebuffed him as an artist, Baudelaire wavered between aristocratic and revolutionary positions. In his art, the poet fluctuated between inwardness and involvement. "Both his theory and his practice reveal a conflict between two radically different, if not incompatible, conceptions of the nature and functions of poetry," Hamburger remarks, adding that he reconciled opposite modes by means of "the allegorical use of urban imagery to act as a link between the actual and the timeless, the phenomenon and the idea."

Since Baudelaire's time, poets who doubted any consistent view of life or art have replaced the personal, Romantic "I" with masks that conveyed the truth of discontinuous identity. Yeats's self and anti-self—those fighting personae of his poetry—embodied the "passive suffering" of World War I and the "heroic ecstasy" of the Romantic vision. Fernando Pessoa, the Portuguese poet, used four distinct personae to explore a multiple vision of reality.

The use of changing personae was one of the technical manifestations of conflicts centered in the lives of these poets. Hamburger notes that Romantic-Symbolist attitudes, which exalt the imagination above bourgeois values, have encouraged political extremism as well as political detachment. Rejecting modern civilization, many "pure" poets of the century were attracted to Fascist ideologies or to left-wing movements; others, such as Robert Graves, adopted nonpolitical attitudes. Poets such as Yeats and Gottfried Benn vacillated between contrary political positions, while Rilke shifted continually between the personae of aristocrat and pariah. And although social consciousness has weighed more heavily on poets of our time, many dedicated artists still veer between their public and private worlds.

In fact, the central lesson of this detailed study is that poets of the past fifty years are alike in the struggle to accommodate conflicting standards, regardless of their political sympathies, nationalities or languages. Hamburger links such diverse writers as Bertolt Brecht, Marianne Moore and the Brazilian poet, Carlos Drummond de Andrade, who shared the tendency to apply a rigorous truthfulness to the poetic process, concentrating on minute particulars and subordinating music to argument. Hamburger believes that Brecht, Miss Moore and William Carlos Williams were forerunners of a new austerity in poetry because their "social awareness made them 'literalists of the imagination' well before Auschwitz"; he finds comparably severe effects in the harsh, compassionate lines of César Vallejo and in the unrhetorical later style of Pasternak.

He locates an extreme of this new austerity in the politically committed anti-poetry of Tadeusz Rózewicz and Zbigniew Herbert, both Polish writers, and Hans Magnus Enzensberger, the West German translator of Williams. All three are grim poets whose literalness, whose bareness of utterance, are laid to their deeply felt responsibility for mankind. Their work is at the forefront of a new poetry, written in many languages, under many political conditions, but sharing one basic dilemma: The greater an artist's sensibility to destruction, the stronger is his revulsion to metaphor, archetypes, images—in short, to poetry itself. Indeed, some of the most powerful poetry of this generation is characterized by a plain diction close to silence.

It would seem that the new European anti-poetry, with its meaningful silence affecting poets everywhere, bears out T. W. Adorno's cry that after Auschwitz poems can on longer be written. But Hamburger convinces us that poetry will survive, for he shows that every modern poet has a dual vision alive to myths as well as to things of this world. Even the least self-indulgent of the European anti-poets vacillates between anonymity and fidelity to his own experience. In fact, modern poetry is most contemporary and most artistic when it achieves the fusion of conscience and imagination.

Nor does Hamburger view severity as the only possible course for the new anti-poetry. He points out that "pure" and "impure" effects coexist in the work of the East German poet Johannes Bobrowski, whose diction approached the barbed-wire grimness of the extreme anti-poets but who combined plainness with high lyrical moments. And Paul Celan, whose work is informed by an acute awareness of human suffering, created an intricate musical structure to realize his vision of cold horror. That Celan moved from the center of destruction to the possibilities of the imagination is the truth embodied in his famous lines:

: there are
still songs to be sung on the other side
of humankind

In tracing the effects of Central European anti-poetry on English writing, Hamburger is more convincing about American than British modernity. This is not too surprising for, despite his British nationality, Hamburger's own poetry belongs in the American camp. Most recently collected in *Travelling*, his poems resemble those of Robert Creeley and

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Gary Snyder in their closeness to the texture of life. In his critical study, Hamburger finds the new American aesthetic to be based on so deep a communion with nature that the poet's self is conceived of as part of nature. He points out that Charles Olson, writing of "getting rid of the lyrical interference of the individual ego," showed affinities to Brecht and to the austere European anti-poets. However, while the European anti-poetry contains the tension between anonymity and personal experience, the new American poetry eliminates "the individual ego" to permit discoveries of natural things on a deep psychic level.

Hamburger explores the poetry of many countries in search of an answer to the question, stated in the preface, "What makes 'modern poetry' modern?" It is modern and it is poetry, he believes, when it contains the polarities of invention and ethical concern. His book provides fresh assurance that poets confront no more of a crisis after Auschwitz than they did before. Although poets of this age are pushed to the extreme limits of their imagination, the nature of their conflict has characterized poetry since Baudelaire's time. And if the tension between artistic and human commitment seems more highly charged than ever before, Hamburger shows that the struggle itself is a source of poetic power. □

Surviving in Bondage

THE JESUS BAG. *By William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 295 pp. $6.95.*

PAUL ROAZEN

Mr. Roazen is the author of Freud: Political and Social Thought *and of* Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk *(both Vintage). He teaches political theory at York University, Ontario.*

Every profession has its strengths as well as its illusions. Modern psychiatry's concern with crucial areas of our lives tends to evoke magical expectations, and consequent disappointments. Drs. William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, however, represent the best of balanced psychodynamic thinking. They make use of their training and clinical experience in examining an immensely complicated political and social issue, the American racial question. The book exhibits a kind of idealism that so often gets lost in the course of professional psychiatric practice.

The Jesus Bag is not a summary of other people's findings; it is an original and thoroughly serious book, which has something to say to even the most sophisticated student of contemporary America. Like Frantz Fanon, Grier and Cobbs use clinical vignettes for socially radical purposes, although unlike the famous prophet of the Third World they are not explicitly writing autobiography. Those who sympathize with the racially oppressed will be glad to find here a reasoned attack on the intellectual apologists of the Nixon Administration. And this book tells us more about its subject than any that has been written by a white psychiatrist, since along with the authors' understanding of the human suffering inflicted by racial injustice goes a full appreciation of the special strengths which accompany social alienation.

"Black children from birth," the authors begin their book, "are exposed to heavily systematized hostility from the nation and for their own survival must reject the community's code of behavior. . . ." Religion, although only one technique of survival, is in the view of Grier and Cobbs so central to the black man's experience that they have drawn on it for the title of their book. Like Nietzsche and others, they see in Christianity an instrument of psychological bondage. Child-rearing also plays its part, and the authors describe the institutions—such as "the dozens"—that black culture has developed to teach its young to react with stoicism to humiliation. Since America has by and large excluded Negroes from positions of political importance (on the assumption of their lack of talent), it is not surprising that in response to this devaluation "blacks at crucial points often do not take the white world seriously. . . ."

One of the anomalies of America's liberal heritage is that though the nation has been dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, this moral absolutism has required, paradoxically, that black men be ejected from the realm of humanity. Once blacks could be regarded as "subhuman, beyond the circle of kinship established by the brotherhood of man," the grounds had been laid for the white man to use the Negro as a special target for violence, and for the black man to incorporate "this typical Americanism" in his attitude toward himself. Accordingly, high blood pressure and hypertension—associated psychologically with repressed hostility—are "more widespread, more serious, and responsible for more complications with a proportionately greater number of deaths among blacks."

There may be more political polemic in this book than in the authors' best-selling *Black Rage*, yet when one reads the superb chapter on "The White Expert" little of their argument seems superfluous. By juxtaposing the stock sayings of some social scientists with the realities of clinical life, the authors level serious strictures at the school of thought associated with the name of Daniel P. Moynihan. For Grier and Cobbs, the notion that the primary problem is class discrimination rather than race is "obviously garbage," as they try to prove by specifying the unique uncertainties and dangers which in the past have surrounded the lives of black people. It has taken fancy footwork on the part of some political scientists to argue that those who perform the drudgery of American society are also guilty of an inability to postpone gratification. Despite all the attacks on Benthamism in the 19th century, "self-interest" as an explanation of human behavior is still riding high; and according to certain upwardly mobile and calculating social scientists, defects in Negro culture must be responsible for its failure to grasp the opportunities America has offered. As psychiatrists, Grier and Cobbs are especially sensitive to the subjective element, the way one's world is viewed, and they maintain that not only are the so-called "opportunities" largely illusory but that wounded egos lead the blacks to react to "a set of realities much different from what seems to be."

Grier and Cobbs, however, are too upright (and moralistic) to see that much of the social science they deplore is the result of a special system of rewards. It is not so much that professors are for sale as that established social science is by and large not aware of its ideological purpose; and many hard-working students, as a result of their thorough professional training, take years to discover the hidden biases in the premises of their disciplines. For some of course it is convenient never to wake up, since acquiescence on their part paves the road to success.

So psychiatry is not alone as a field in which most practitioners use the tools of their discipline too credulously; Grier and Cobbs stand out professionally because of their commitment to understanding the society around them. But they have done more than illustrate how dedicated intellectuals can overcome the stultification of career-training and the seductiveness of conventional advancement; they have once against demonstrated that psychiatry need never endorse the *status quo*. The authors are leaders of that small band of workers who use psychiatry in behalf

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of the poor and the downtrodden. Psychology, as Freud liked to quote from the politically reactionary Dostoevsky, is a knife that cuts both ways, and just as it can be used conservatively it can be used for purposes of radical social change. True to their craft as healers, Grier and Cobbs are aware of some of the psychological dangers of the new black militancy, for instance the irrationalities of black anti-Semitism; and in the end the book stands as a disturbing reminder of all the consequences of the savage side of American history. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

London

Most of the English, as I noted in a July 19th report from London, have begun to look askance at their papas. John Mortimer, by contrast, has achieved success with his affectionate *Journey Around My Father*. The playwright's affability may be a purely individual matter without social connotations, but it happens that the father in this instance is a barrister (therefore "upper class") without strong convictions about the law or for that matter about anything except good manners, while the paternal parent in the plays whose authors are discontented with him all seem to have been lower-class tradesmen with a great many (misguided) convictions.

Mortimer's father also elicits sympathy from the audience by the fact that he is blind, and that no one—the father, his wife or son—ever mentions it. What especially attaches West End patrons to the elder Mortimer is his beguiling eccentricity and humor.

The effect of this filial tribute is enhanced by the serene and relaxed craftsmanship of Alec Guinness' acting in the title role. I have no objections to this unassuming play, but I must confess that its agreeable simplicity interested me less than did the earlier and more irritating father-berating works. If a dramatist is to be sweetly mild he must display something more than good nature. I call attention to *Journey Around My Father* chiefly because it differs in mood from most of what I have recently seen in England.

John Osborne's newest piece, *West of Suez*, is another of the Royal Court Theatre's provocative productions. The central figure, Wyatt, is a successful novelist, the father of four daughters, the eldest being a permanent resident of an island, "west of Suez," where she has settled down with her husband, a retired military man. These two have "given up," being content to go to seed under the sun. Another daughter is an "intellectual": Osborne devotes little time to her except to indicate that she is well-informed but inconsequential, because her mind does little with what it feeds itself. The youngest daughter is pretty, chubby and, through lack of pronounced attributes, comforting to her schoolteacher husband who dislikes his job.

Most representative of Osborne is another daughter, possessed of eye-catching legs. She is acidly honest, cold, barely loving and barely loved—bitterly satisfied to remain safely undisturbing to the despised social structure within which she lives. Nor does she much trouble her husband, a pathologist who tolerates his wife and life though he never expresses affection or genuine interest in either.

Incidental characters include a flagrantly gay hairdresser and another famous novelist who is also queer. (At one time it was forbidden even to mention the existence of homosexuality on the English stage; now there is an obsession with it.) Among other characters is a "good" American who has left his country and settled on the island (is that what all good Americans are supposed to do?), and some silly American tourists who, the good American assures his British friends, are harmless. The brown and black natives, when they are not being patently hostile, are quietly disdainful of the white settlers. There is also a handsome hippie—unshod of course—who has been invited by the hairdresser to the hospitable household and is received for dinner.

The most deftly drawn character, superbly played by Ralph Richardson, is Wyatt himself. He is witty, civilized, skeptical, egotistic and disaffected from all faith or passion. He is committed to nothing but writing, particularly his own. Wyatt embodies the best that Osborne can say about those of his countrymen whom he has chosen to depict in his recent plays.

West of Suez, which for the most part is discursive (as is usual with Osborne, the discourse gratifies the ears) ends in shock. Provoked by a pass from the hairdresser, the hippie bursts into a violent harangue in which, barely articulate, he damns the whole crew as empty, futile, worthless. It seems here that Osborne has blown his cool: the language becomes mere vehement obscenity, conveying little more than disgust and a desire to destroy. The desire is fulfilled by the sudden and unexpected eruption of masked natives who, shooting at random, kill old Wyatt. This world ends not with a whimper but a bang.

Osborne *hates*. One cannot view his resentment as vitalizing indignation, the denunciation of a corrupt society. It is instead the sick and self-vilifying product of that society. The audience may not be troubled by this at the present occasion because *West of Suez* is intelligently entertaining. Richardson's own charm, amused and a little sad, regretful and puzzled, gives the evening a quality superior to the play's textural content.

Simon Gray's *Butley* does not trouble the audience at all: it delights it. The comedy proliferates funny verbal twists, a medium for irreverent levity. It also enjoys the advantage of Alan Bates' easy and expert performance in the name part. But if one chooses to think about it a moment (the audience apparently doesn't), one must realize that it is even more devastatingly nihilistic than the Osborne play. Harold Pinter, who directed *Butley*, was surely aware of this.

The English theatre public will let a playwright get away with anything if his text flashes with humor and is cultivated in texture. *Butley* has little dramatic core. It is the pen portrait of a college professor (his specialty is T. S. Eliot), a man who has forsworn all concern for education and his pupils, for whom he evinces nothing but scorn.

Butley drinks. He is altogether pleased to do so; the audience in consequence does not worry about him. He neglects his person—is in fact a slob. This also amuses. He is predominately homosexual, though given to wounding remarks about homosexuals. He has been married, has a child, doesn't like it that his wife is divorcing him, resents her marrying someone he says is a bore, and does nothing to prevent either move. His chief victim is his homosexual consort, formerly a student, whom he has contrived to have appointed to the faculty of the same college. At the end, even this weak young man quits him.

What is it about Butley that, apart from his jokes, "gets" the audience? He despises everything with which it has itself become disenchanted. Everything, even sex, bores him. Butley is dismally tired. He will die from exhaustion with his own viciously corrosive banter. But there is a certain relief from spiritual depression in *Butley*. Its protagonist makes inconsequentiality, disinterestedness, deliberate folly appear acceptable through laughter—and not only acceptable but somehow damned clever.

In contrast to such fare is Maxim

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Herbert Gans

The Profit of Poverty — "Writing for the July/August issue of SOCIAL POLICY, Gans lists more than a dozen economic, social and political uses of poverty. In other words, Gans suggests, many people who are presumably fighting poverty actually profit from it . . ."

Time Magazine, June 21, 1971

Kenneth Keniston

A Second Look at the Uncommitted — In the same issue of SOCIAL POLICY, Keniston attacks two current interpretations of youthful opposition . . . the neo-liberal view of Daniel Bell et al and the "Consciousness III" view of Charles Reich.

Jean Baker Miller

New Political Directions for Women

S. M. Miller

The Making of a Confused Middle-Class Husband

James Farmer

A Ten-Point Public Service Program

Eleanor Holmes Norton

How to Select Good Teachers: Some Old Ways and Some New Ones

Ivan Illich

After Deschooling, What? (in our September/October issue)

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Gorky's *Enemies*, admirably produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company, an organization which in recent years has covered itself with ever more merited honors. Written in 1906, immediately after the suppressed uprising of 1905, *Enemies* was forbidden performances by the czarist censorship and was not staged until 1933 in Leningrad and at the Moscow Art Theatre two years later.

Gorky was socially prescient. At a time when most of his literary cohorts, disillusioned by the 1905 debacle, were writing works of dejected mysticism or of a turbidly desperate sexuality, Gorky predicts in *Enemies* the ultimate triumph of the oppressed. That alone would not cause me to like the play; a dramatist need not prove himself a political seer. The play is absorbing through the compression of its characterizations which are subtle, rich, compassionate and instinct with social insight.

Almost the whole society is limned in brief strokes. There is the doggedly brutal boss, determined not only to squelch all signs of independence in his subordinates but also to take over the factory from his more refined partner. (The play's action is sparked by the murder of this bourgeois ruffian by a worker whom he has kicked in the stomach during a labor dispute.) There is the soft and easily swayed liberal owner of the factory, who wants to be fair to all parties and cannot understand the reasons for the fierce hostility which surrounds him.

His brother has taken to drink because he has sensibility and understanding without specific talent or a capacity for action. The man's wife is an actress who is drawn to the rebellious workers—it is she who foresees their ultimate victory—but who, despite her sympathy, makes no positive move on their behalf. She is a bystander, a witness, an artist. Her deepest concern is to be cast in plays that will be earthshaking or ennobling.

The most winning portrait in the play is that of the liberal boss's orphan niece. She is ardent with love of decent people and causes. Gorky had a special empathy with such young girls who, in the midst of moral desolation, strive toward a radiant future. Of this particular 18-year-old girl the actress says, "If you begin asking yourself questions you'll become a revolutionary. . . ."

Then there are the workers, some craven, some brave, some consistently loyal, others innocently trusting, and a few supported by peasant shrewdness. When the actress asks the oldest of the men what remedy he would apply to the evil of their lives, his answer is "we've got to do away with the kopek . . . once the kopek's gone why should we push each other about? . . ." The actress challenges "And that's all?" to which the old man replies, "It's enough to begin with."

I found myself positively refreshed by this play. The fact that the revolution it presages has led to a new tyranny does not diminish my accord with its spirit. There is heart in Gorky's "politics." It epitomizes the warm humanism of the Russian intelligentsia in its purest phases —something which still remains inspiring and exemplary.

Adding to the pleasure I took in Gorky's "script" was my admiration for the acting company; many of the players were the same as those who had performed with so much physical agility and gaiety in Peter Brook's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Especially notable in this respect was Mary Rutherford. In the *Dream* she was Hermia; in *Enemies* she plays the fervent answer-seeking Nadya, seen by her friend (the actress of the play) perhaps rightly as being overwhelmed and finally crushed by future eventualities. The entire company is excellent, projecting by its own special means the essence of this eminently Russian play. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

A few days' experience of the new Kennedy Center in Washington soon leads one to conclude that the pleasures it may provide are destined to be primarily aural. The architect has shown an utter disregard, on the exterior and in the public lobbies, for any element of human scale, while the details of decoration throughout are of the sort one associates with, say, a modish Fifth Avenue beauty parlor—conceived, however, on a megalomaniac scale. Even the formally clumsy foyer of New York's Metropolitan Opera House is more inviting in its display of audience circulation and contact than is the unpopulated (even when the floor is filled with people) and effortless (and therefore pleasureless) vastness of Edward Stone's "Grand Foyer," surely one of the deadest public spaces ever constructed. Perhaps most devastating is the way in which the approach dwarfs the interiors of the actual auditoriums, as if the architect were saying that neither people nor music are as important as the assertion of empty grandeur.

Whether by specific intent, or as a result of limitations of site and funds, the two resulting music auditoriums (a third hall, for legitimate theatre, is as yet uncompleted) are among the most reasonably proportioned of any built during the current American arts-center mania. No major opera theatre in the Western Hemisphere is as modest in size as the Kennedy Center's 2,334-seat hall, and the resulting visual and acoustical intimacy will surely be counted a gain by performers and listeners alike, if not by impresarios, who are already groaning about the price scales that will be needed to produce adequate grosses. (No subsidy for performers is envisaged by the government, so the architecture's commitment to musical quality, whether intentional or not, will inevitably entail a further commitment to an economically elite audience.)

The Concert Hall, which seats 2,759, is drawn to a conservative rectangular plan, with shallow balconies around three sides—much on the lines of Boston's excellent Symphony Hall (although the resemblance does not extend to matters of decor). I heard two concerts there: the National Symphony's opening program (September 9) and a chamber concert by the Istomin-Stern-Rose trio (September 11). From several locations, the contrast with New York's Philharmonic Hall was certainly striking, especially in terms of presence and frequency balance; timbral differentiation seemed especially good, and the interior clarity of diverse textures (including a Beethoven overture, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, a Mozart violin concerto, and William Schuman's *Free Song*, in which the choral sound had great impact) was impressive. Whether a certain fierceness in the Stravinsky was attributable to the hall or the performance remains to be evaluated, since the manifest deficiencies of the National Symphony certainly left some room for doubt; it is reportedly much improved since Antal Dorati took over, but still conspicuously lacks refinement of pitch, ensemble and tonal quality. I hope to report next week on a concert in this hall by the New York Philharmonic (including, by a happy chance, the same Stravinsky score); this should clarify some matters.

As far as the chamber concert was concerned, one could hardly have expected better tonal quality in such a hall; near the back of the orchestra floor, there was still intimacy and presence. Whether Washington can achieve a standard of local performing activity and audience response for concert music remains a question; at this concert, only the third night of the new hall's operation, there were scattered empty seats, although this ensemble is one of the top-name attractions of its type. Despite Stern's current technical difficulties, which were even more evident in the Mozart concerto on the opening night, the group offers reputable music making of the virtuoso style, neither excessively mannered nor structurally revelatory.

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The Opera House opened officially on September 8 with Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* (I will report on a later performance), and two nights later was turned over to the Opera Society of Washington for the world première of Alberto Ginastera's *Beatrix Cenci* (September 10). With a libretto (in Spanish) by William Shand and Alberto Girri, based on the events best known to English-speaking readers through Shelley's verse drama, the new opera pursues again the vein of violence and sexual obsession in an Italian Renaissance setting that characterized Ginastera's previous stage work, *Bomarzo* (also first presented by the Washington Opera Society).

The argument varies somewhat in detail from Shelley's version, with the action simplified—somewhat clumsily at times, as when Beatrix's older brother Giacomo is reduced to a mere walk-on in the second act. Like many 20th-century operas, this one is made up of numerous short scenes (fourteen in all, divided into two acts, with the first carrying through the Count's rape of his daughter), although the orchestral interludes that we associate with such structure (as in *Pelléas, Wozzeck* or *The Turn of the Screw*) are only minimally present here; apparently the use of projected scenery was envisaged from the start. Although *Cenci* lacks ensembles for the soloists, some other operatic conventions are clearly foreseen in the libretto's layout, including solo arias, lyrical mood pieces (including an "Embroidery Chorus"), and an extended ballet sequence during which the plot moves forward.

As we know from his earlier works, Ginastera has a fluent command of contemporary idioms, and his orchestral writing here is full of flashy sounds, including the full repertory of "Polish" noises. Further, he has some sense of rhythmic buildup and contrast, at least locally, and his use of tone-cluster harmony (within what seems to be a basically twelve-tone framework) is more imaginative than, say, Penderecki's in *The Devils of Loudun*, where the unvaried sonorities quickly become monotony. For purposes of atmosphere, these techniques are well used, but over the course of the evening nothing more powerful or structurally convincing emerges than a kind of background music to relatively neutral vocal lines. The sonic representation of the Count's baying dogs is ingenious, but it resolutely refuses to relate to the rest of the texture, and perhaps the most symptomatic moment in the score is the climax of the first act: merely an amplified scream from Beatrix.

Earlier, the ballet sequence, made from authentic 16th-century material (and apparently originally intended for performance on old instruments, a refinement that had to be abandoned due to pressures of time and money) offered a stylistic hiatus that was hardly bridged by the occasional baying-dog interpolations, and its function was nothing more nor less than that of the pastiche dances that used to turn up in the ballroom scenes of old Hollywood costume epics. In short, at crucial points, the operatic problem—and, equally, the operatic opportunity—was sidestepped entirely, and salient aspects of plot and character remained in a musical vacuum.

If one thought more than once of film music, that may also have had its basis in the physical production, which involved extensive use of film, projected on a front scrim and a back screen. Indeed, at times the "scenery" was so much more active than the players that one might well have been in a cinema. Some of the static sets, such as a garden scene, were pretty enough, and the rapidly moving projections of Roman architecture as well as live-action "flashbacks" during the choral prologue were extremely successful, but eventually the unaltered repetition of certain sequences and the continual recurrence of Roman baroque *mascheroni* became tedious. Within Ronald Chase's light pictures, the direction of the principals by Gerald Freedman (whose credits include the original, Off-Broadway *Hair*) was generally pallid and unconvincing—conspicuously so at the moment when Count Cenci (according to the libretto) should force his daughter to bed with him; no force was evident, and while an Electra-complex interpretation of this story might well be tenable, such does not seem to have been the composer's intention. At other points as well, I suspected directorial license, but since the available score did not include the stage directions I cannot be certain.

On the musical side, the Washington Opera Society had assembled a strong cast, and the orchestra, under Julius Rudel's direction, coped well with its numerous difficulties, including some improvisatory assignments. The men of the cast—Justino Diaz as the Count, and Grayson Hirst as Orsini—offered more security and clarity of pitch, while there was ample tone, if less focus, from Arlene Saunders (Beatrix) and Carol Smith (Lucrezia, her stepmother). Spanish speakers in the audience averred that little of the text was audible, but it seems probable that the front scrim was partly to blame, as well as the opaque nature of the libretto's reflective parts. If the published translation (by the English-speaking member of the team of librettists) had been sung with perfect clarity, I might well have concluded that I was not hearing properly. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"Homage to Picasso for his 90th Birthday," a benefit exhibition for the American Cancer Society, opens on October 6 at two New York galleries. At the Saidenberg Gallery are samples from 1901-24 and at Marlborough Fine Art, works after 1924. The organizers have borrowed some substantial paintings and together the shows provide an opportunity to think about Picasso in the presence of his works.

At Saidenberg there is a group of excellent paintings of 1910-12, the radical phase of Cubism in which Picasso (and Braque) pulverized their subjects and geometrized the bits. These paintings, with their all-over continuum of equal marks, lead to the threshold of Abstract art, as the work of Malevich and Mon-

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drian, extrapolated from Cubism, attests. Picasso and Braque, however, drew back and stabilized their paintings in legible configurations. They solidified the scattered cues of earlier Cubism into flat, declarative formulas. By the 1920s Picasso was in possession of an all-purpose Cubism, combined with a naturalistic distribution of the main forms in the picture space. What happened, curiously, is that the work of Picasso (and Braque) approached that of their moderate prewar colleagues, such as Albert Gleizes or Fernand Léger, in their pragmatic reconciliation of casual geometrics and easy-to-read images. By settling for a simple solution of complex problems, which is what this style change amounts to, Picasso set the pattern for the rest of his life.

It is relevant to my argument that even now, after sixty years of commentary, there is no fully satisfactory account of the Cubism of 1910-12. It has resisted verbal explication to a degree unknown in any other phase of modern art. Picasso was either exhausted by the effort or did not understand what he had done, or he could not have settled for so little after 1912. It is as if Joyce had written *The Dubliners* after *Ulysses*; Hemingway did write *Across the River and Into the Trees* after *Fiesta* and that is like Picasso's development.

For a large part of his life, Picasso was a representative type, to use the term by which Karl Mannheim described a man whose work coincides with the interests and expectations of his contemporaries. The reward of such topicality is instant fame, but as the cultural situation changes, so must our evaluation of the work. We have reached a point at which Picasso's reputation exists in almost complete abstraction from his later work. Early fame confers a borrowed luster on tawdry work, simply because a former hero is doing it. Typical of the overvaluation enjoyed by a representative type is the discussion of Picasso's work of the 1920s, which is almost always called Neoclassic. This label assumes on Picasso's behalf, does it not?, the power to pick up and contribute to the heritage of classical culture. However, Will Grohmann pointed out twenty years ago in an ignored catalogue that it is an inaccurate description. He called 1920-25 "the years of Mannerism," a term that fits the bland, picturesque artifices of the period very well. Alfred Barr had mentioned Mannerism in connection with some elongated figure drawings of 1918-19, but it was left to Grohmann to propose Mannerism as a constituent of Picasso's style. The notion has not entered star-struck Picasso criticism yet.

Since World War II, Picasso has lived in the south of France and, as William Rubin has pointed out, Mediterranean seclusion has not suited him as it did Matisse and Bonnard. In place of the stimulation provided before the war by Surrealist poets, Picasso has developed an inward-looking theme of studio and model and a pageant of old masters whose work he impersonates. There are paraphrases of Courbet, Cranach, Delacroix, el Greco, Manet, Rembrandt and Velásquez. The subject of the artist and his model entered Picasso's art in the 1920s when he made his illustrations for Balzac's *Le Chef-d'oeuvre Inconnu*; he developed it in the 1930s in, for instance, the series of drawings known as "The Sculptor's Studio." There was a lyrical exchange between symbols of art and symbols of nature and an agreeable erotic undercurrent: the models were compliant and the sculptors look like lucky Pygmalions.

In the recent paintings and drawings the eroticism is explicit and the images of girls are frequently organized around their genitals. The studio has become a brothel and Picasso's paraphrases of other painters are frequently transposed to this area: Cranach's royal voyeurism (David and Bathsheba), Delacroix's harem, Manet's "Bohemian" picnic. At the Marlborough there are two versions of "The Women of Algiers" after Delacroix, one of the "Déjeuner Sur l'Herbe" after Manet, and a "Rembrandt and Saskia" of astounding ineptitude, though if you liked it you could call it "sublimely galumphing" (to take a phrase from John Richardson's catalogue). Of the paraphrases only Velásquez's "Las Meninas" has not been crudely sexualized, perhaps because, as Picasso said in 1923, "we cannot conceive a Philip IV in any other way than the one Velásquez painted." These *brut* paraphrases seem to represent Picasso thrusting himself into a Malraux-esque realm of art. If art is "outside time," as Malraux argues, it unites different men and different ages. Picasso in his old age claims this timelessness by annexing (Malraux's word again) masterpieces and attaching himself to the known images.

So far, the late work of Picasso has been protected by the early work. Surely it is time to reverse the procedure and work backward, locating the seeds of his later crudity and garrulity in the early work. He has always been viewed, by himself and others, as passionate and questing. Now, however, much of his work after 1912 looks simply trivial or unfinished. Many of the paintings seem approximate resolutions rather than full statements, because of the impatience which drives him to start a new picture rather than complete the one he is working on. □

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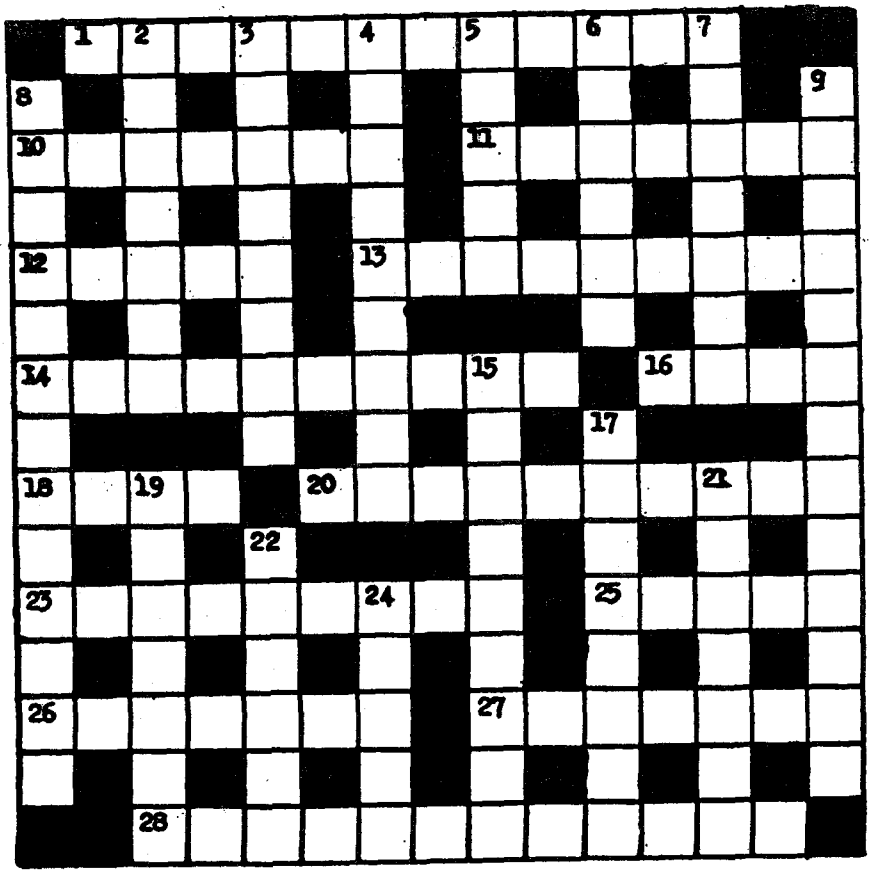

ACROSS

1 Heavy weather for nilgais, it seems. (5, 7)
10 His products get around a lot, possibly because he's associated with a dealer. (7)
11 So cut in as to be caused by reduction in pressure. (7)
12 Bets against the cast and loses freshness. (5)
13 and 24 down Is such a person overly concerned about finances at the start of the race? (3,3,3,5)
14 Are things that can be possibly saved, such as bonds might be? (10)
16 Too dull for other than a straightforward poet. (4)
18 Cuts Charles Evans, by the sound of it. (4)
20 Dance tune I openly condemn. (10)
23 If you want such possible patterns, you might try my dress on! (9)
25 Kept watch on? (5)
26 Owing, if divided, to what might be thought? (7)
27 Hell flower? (7)
28 Dr. Mary Green's way makes it advantageous for a party, perhaps. (12)

DOWN

2 Went to excess. (7)
3 Look in cuts that your shoes might fit into. (8)
4 You might find ours great as a deputy. (9)
5 Paper, perhaps, but you shouldn't make it out of trivialities. (5)
6 How one might make painful progress in Korea. (6)
7 Make a brilliant show. (7)
8 A couple on the aisle, perhaps, following 13 and 24. (3,3,3,4)
9 It might provide an annual strain, but it's one way to cover up good manners! (13)
15 Big purchase, stated in much smaller terms. (9)
17 Such a way of referring to Edward of Caledonia should be stamped out. (8)
19 The projecting part around a small hotel couldn't prove a total loss! (7)
21 It's far more respectable to take the weapons manufacturer in! (7)
22 It comes up in rare difficulty caused by the more blatantly esthetic. (6)
24 See 13 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1408

ACROSS: 1 Impudent; 5 Lashed; 10 Throb; 11 Wallpaper; 12 Tribune; 13 Decoyed; 14 Arthur; 15 Russian roulette; 21 and 18 Camera obscura; 24 Lectern; 26 Monodic; 27 Tamerlane; 28 Trace; 29 Earths; 30 Greatest. DOWN: 1 In toto; 2 Portieres; 3 Debouch; 6 Alpacas; 7 and 4 Happy New Year; 8 Deriding; 9 Glider; 16 Irradiate; 19 Unearth; 20 Annual; 21 Compeer; 22 Minutia; 23 Accent; 25 Comer.

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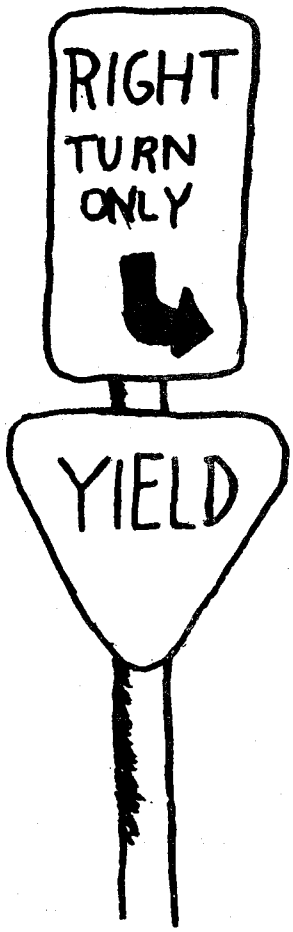

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